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THE SOUL'S EVEREST

With bated breath, the continents regard
A band of heroes toiling up the crest,
Through howling tempests, blizzard storms that guard,
The solitude of hoary Everest
Though buffeted and beaten oft,
They hold their weathered flag aloft,
And, if some perish in the fight,
Undaunted, others charge the height.

There is a peak in every human heart,
More formidable than Himalaya's pride!
Yet, to each one who plays a manly part,
Though oft he sink, or down the mountain slide,
The conquest's sure, without a cost,
Save, sacrifice of Self, that must
Hold on to that invisible line
Which stretches from a Hand Divine.

What honour and applause the world can dower!
The mountaineering hero, whose grand soul
Unquenched by terrors of grim Nature's power
Attains at length the long-coveted goal,
That goal, which with undying fame
Blazons the dauntless victor's name,
Yet leaves mankind at large no more
Spirit up-lifted than before.

The earth has other heroes toiling up,
On hand and knee, the Everest within,
Through raging blast, o'er treacherous crag and slope,
The heaven-reaching pinnacle to win:
These draw our souls with chords of love,
A higher, nobler life to prove,
Yet, for these greater conquerors here,
Earth can no praise nor laurels sqare.

H. KAVERI BAI

SHAKESPEARE'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

By The Rev. A. B. Johnston, Principal Noble College, Masulipatam

Poetry, said Mathew Arnold, is 'a criticism of life;' perhaps it can be better called an *interpretation* of life. Shakespeare has had an enormous number of commentators interpreting his plays and his attitude to life. They are so packed with infinite suggestions, that we cannot fail to profit by considering the philosophy of life found in them.

In dramas, where the poet never speaks in *propria persona*, we cannot expect to find a clear-cut philosophy of life, such as we are given, for example, in Browning's *Death in the Desert*.

> 'For life with all it means of joy and pain,
> And hope and fear (believe the aged friend)
> Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love.'

Nevertheless, when a poet states that he holds the mirror up to nature, we ought to be able to see something of what nature means to him.

In Shakespeare's early plays, he seems to have accepted life in the main as something to be enjoyed. He was no Puritan. He shone out in London as a new star with *Venus and Adonis*, a passionate cavalier poem by contrast with the Puritan tone of Spenser. He had not yet set himself to examine life and its darker deeper mysteries. That he does in the great tragedies from 1601 to 1606. The later romances show us something of Shakespeare's solution for the problems of life.

Let us look first of all at *King Lear*, which suggests many problems, and consider the interpretations of life found in that mighty drama.

The first impression is probably of the extraordinarily evil quality of Edmund, Oswald, Cornwall, Goneril and Regan, and almost inevitably we ask why it should be so.

Then the pathetic deaths of Cordelia and Lear add to that impression of an evil fate brooding over the play and inspiring Swinburne to say that Aeschylus has more hope than Lear, while he quotes as 'the keynote of the whole poem' the words of Gloucester :

> 'As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods; they kill us for their sport.'

If that were true, *King Lear* would be, as Swinburne said, profoundly pessimistic. Life would not be worth living when a human being is the careless sport of ruthless gods. Swinburne is a poet interpreting a poet, and to be treated with respect; but not with too much respect because he was a very weak man. Is a pessimistic fatalism the total impression of *King Lear*? We may admit the extremely evil quality of Edmund, Oswald, Cornwall, Goneril and Regan: but, on the other side, me must not forget the selfless loyalty and self-sacrifice of Edgar, Kent, and Cordelia, nor the loyalty of Gloucester, tragic as were its consequences. Where did such qualities come from ?

One world, one universe produces both, the evil and the good. The evil is extreme : but so is the good. Lear and Cordelia die ; but they were reconciled first ; and Cordelia willingly gave her life for Lear ; and Lear apparently died in ecstasy, thinking she still lived. In death they were not divided. After all every one dies. And, if the good ones die, so do the villains of the piece : Cornwall, Oswald, Edmund, Goneril and Regan are all dead before Lear dies. Every evil character is dead. Two good men, Albany and Edgar, are left at the end of the play to rule the state. What are we to make of that? Evil is clearly destructive and self-destructive. Society seems

so constituted as not to rest until violent evil is eliminated. Is that pessimistic?

Again, men often talk much of the overwhelming influence of environment on character. But Edgar, Cordelia, Kent, Gloucester and the Fool remain loyal under the hardest and most adverse circumstances. The evil characters are most evil under the most favourable and prosperous circumstances. Man, then, is not merely subservient to his environment, but can rise above it or fall below it. Man is a wonderful piece of work for good or evil. That Shakespeare shows us.

Evil is seen as a kind of deadly malignant fever convulsing the body politic until it is eliminated from it. Goodness is natural, evil is unnatural. Edgar, Cordelia and Kent are taken as natural. Goneril, as Albany says, bemonsters her humanity; and so do Edmund, Cornwall and Regan.

This is a play of the strongest contrasts between the good group and the evil group, suggesting the Persian theology of the struggle between Oromasdes and Ahrimanes, the Good and the Evil spirit in the universe. It shows the tragic consequences of comparatively small faults, vanity in Lear, and youthful awkwardness and candour in Cordelia. With Lear's abounding generosity, these small weaknesses set free the forces of darkness in Goneril and Regan, which otherwise might have remained controlled and hidden. Freedom from constraint reveals the essential characters of the bad group. Then they become destructive and mutually destructive.

The wages of sin are death for Oswald, Edmund, Cornwall, Goneril and Regan. A principle of retribution seems somehow inherent in the world. But it does not work mechanically. The good suffer too. Gloucester is blinded for splendid loyalty to Lear, through his own misbegotten son. Good and evil threads are strangely intertwined in life. Lear and Cordelia both perish. Life is divinely and sacrificially seen as superbly beautiful, as well as demoniacally and selfishly ugly in *Lear*. Love and hate, sanity and insanity, selfishness and sacrifice, all these are inextricably intermingled, until the burden of the mystery of life almost overwhelms the soul of the reader. His mind and spirit cannot comprehend the strange contrasts of the human world. One set of characters seems born from the depths of hell, another is enlightened with divine light and loyalty. Who can sum it all up? Shakespeare challenges and baffles our imaginations.

Yet we see Lear purified and redeemed by suffering, and Gloucester redeemed by suffering. Their inward eyes are opened, when all around is dark. Edgar again is purified and ennobled by suffering. The crisis calls out the latent nobility of the easy-going Albany, and he rises to the need.

Evil, we see, as wasted perverted good. If only the fiery energy of Edmund and Goneril had been guided by a good will, how great they might have been. Even in the evil, there is a sense of the infinite possibilities of good, as well as the deadly possibilities of evil. Man is seen as a high explosive, glorious under the sway of love and holiness and loyalty: devilish and destructive under the control of selfish nature.

The play emphasises human responsibility, and shows man as greater than circumstances. It is not pessimistic finally, but solemnly optimistic. In a larger sense than a nicely calculated poetic justice, righteousness does finally triumph, and it contains in itself the grace of life.

The play raises problems as to the nature of God or the gods. Sport and play, though suggested as the attitude of the gods to men are put on one side. Retribution is noted again and again, in the deaths of Cornwall, Edmund, Goneril and Regan, and in the blinding of Gloucester.

After Edgar has mortally wounded Edmund in single combat, he says,

> 'My name is Edgar and thy father's son,
> The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to plague us......
> The dark and vicious place where thee he got
> Cost him his eyes—.'

Edmund replies,

'Thou last spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.'

The justice of heaven is left as a dominant impression. Finally, the mystery of death is seen, and Lear is said to be better dead, or alive with Cordelia, perhaps in another world, rather than stretched out any more upon the rack of this tough world. Shakespeare shows the mystery, which only the experience of death can solve.

The world which Shakespeare depicts is often a wilder world than one of poetic justice. In *King Lear* the catastrophe is not dramatically inevitable, but almo t accidental. Cordelia might easily have been saved, and with her Lear too. But then Shakespeare would not have so strained the imaginations of his audience. Now we are left asking 'why these hard hearts? why Goneril? why Regan?'

Nahum Tate shows us how the play can be turned into a pretty romance with poetic justice and a happy ending, Cordelia marrying Edgar and living happily ever after—for some time anyway.

The different characters have different theological solutions for the muddle of the universe, and set the imaginations of their audience at work on the problem, whether the universe is ruled at all or not, and if so whether by a God of justice or by a mocking selfish God?

Kent, loyal and faithful, but rather tactless and stupid, says,

'It is the stars, the stars above us govern our conditions.'

If the stars are inanimate, that is a very materialistic attitude of mind. If the stars are conceived as animated beings, it is a polytheistic turn of mind. In any case it is not worth much. Edgar, Cordelia, Kent, the fool, Albany, are good, despite all difficulties and adversities; while the evil Edmund, Goneril, Regan, Oswald, are evil in spite of all prosperity and good fortune.

Shakespeare lets Edmund criticise the astrological faith, which Gloucester holds as well as Kent.

'These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us', says Gloucester. Edmund, as soon as Gloucester goes out, says, 'This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own bahaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves and treachers by the spherical predominance; drunkards, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on!'

Edmund, the bastard or natural son of Gloucester, disinherited by the laws of the world or society, says,

'Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law my services are bound. Wherefore should I stand in the plague of custom? Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land...
Now, gods, stand up for bastards.'

He would agree with Tago in Othello, 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus?'

Gloucester, on the other hand, says, as I have quoted,

'As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods.
They kill us for their sport';

but he realises finally how his own sin has found him out, when Edmund, his sinfully-begotten son, has proved treacherous to him, and betrayed him to Cornwall and Regan, to have his eyes put out.

Edgar emphasises to Edmund the justice of the gods.

Edmund, as he lies dying on the ground, agrees that there is somehow a righteous judgment in the universe, and he is convicted of evil by it.

The blinded wretched Gloucester, when about, as he thinks, to commit suicide, kneels, and says,

'O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off.'

Edgar persuades him that he has been miraculously saved to live, and so he is content to wait in patience..

'You ever-blessed gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please.'

King Lear interprets the storm as God's messenger to sinners, and learns sympathy by his own pain. He sends the Fool into the hut for shelter before entering himself, and thinks of the poor.

'Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'r you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm.
Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayest shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.'

Gloucester is pictured as learning the same lesson of sympathy. In his blind wretchedness, he offers his purse to poor Tom (who is his son Edgar in disguise).

'Here take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier;—heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see,
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.'

So Lear and Gloucester learn in affliction to love their neighbour as themselves, and feel nearer to heaven in so doing.

When Cornwall and Regan put out Gloucester's eyes, the servants feel that Divine justice must punish such wickedness, or else the world would be surrendered to evil. When the servant has killed Cornwall, and Albany hears of Cornwall's death, he says,

'This shows you are above,
You Justicers, that these, our nether crimes, so speedily can verge.'

And similarly, when Regan and Goneril are dead by poison and the knife, he says, 'This judgment of the heaven that makes us tremble touches us not with pity.'

These constant references to religious powers exercise a powerful effect on the imagination, impressing on it that this world is only part of a greater world, a world of spiritual verities and realities.

(To be Continued)

PASSING PLEASURES

Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipt away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass;
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer, or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back—'t were vain:
In this, or in some other spot
I know they 'll shine again.

—*Walter Savage Landor*

TWO WOMEN FROM LEGENDARY GREECE

The ancient Greeks believed in a supreme ruler of the world controlling the fortunes of men and punishing them when they went wrong. But the various forms and guises, in which they conceived this ruler, were taken from the natural world around them. Their *pantheon* was filled with twelve major and a host of minor deities and also great heroes fabled as sons of Gods. Wonderful legends were woven around them, and though in historic times the legends lost considerably in credence, many ignorant people still continued to believe them as something very real. The literature of Greece was saturated as much with such legends, as with politics and social ethics. During the palmy days of Athens, associated with the name of Pericles, the theatre held the place which the pulpit and the press occupy in modern times. To the Periclean age belonged the greatest names of the Athenian drama, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, whose united careers covered the period of the rise and fall of the Athenian Empire. They were tragic poets of undying reputation and are indissolubly knit together, although there was little in common between them. Euripides, the youngest of them, presented the greatest contrast to the other two. He was the most pathetic and human, though he lacked the grandeur of Aeschylus and the moral earnestness of Sophocles. Like the other two, he drew his characters from the legendary history of Athens, but he had neither the mysticism of the one, nor the delight in beauty of the other. The injustice of the woman's lot touched him to the heart, and the central character of his play was usually a woman.

The plays of Euripides, which bear the names of Iphigenia and Electra, the brave and noble daughters of Agamemnon, were of uncommon interest, as no other characters were so lovingly and profoundly studied in the whole range of Greek tragedy. They were of interest also because of the position held by women in Athens in the age of Pericles, a position different from that of women in the Homeric age. In Homeric times, about the ninth century B.C., women in Greece were free and, were nearly on an equal footing with men, except in war. They were not, as they were seven centuries later, prisoners at home bound by innumerable "Don'ts." But a girl of the Periclean times could not go out except under strict supervision; and, even as a married woman, she had little freedom and was never the companion of her husband.

Long long ago, a contention arose among three Goddesses, Hera, Aphrodite and Athene, in which each claimed to be the fairest. They submitted their case for decision to Paris, a tall, strong and beautiful shepherd tending his sheep on mountain slopes in the city of Troy in Asia Minor. As all the three seemed to Paris more wonderful than anyone he had seen, he stood silent, unable to decide. Each of the three then began to tempt him, Hera with power and glory; Athene with renown in war, honour in life and splendour in death; and Aphrodite with the fairest wife in Greece. But, none of the other incentives were so easy for the simple shepherd boy to understand as that of the fairest wife in Greece. He, therefore, decided in favour of Aphrodite, to the great dissatisfaction of Hera and Athene, who angrily vowed that he should rue the day on which he had made his choice.

Paris was in reality not a shepherd boy, but a son of a King of Troy who had been cast out at birth as a child of ill omen; and the fairest wife in Greece was Helen, the wife of Menelaus, the King of Sparta, in the

country of Hellas. Assisted by Aphrodite, Paris went over to the fair land of Hellas, "tricked out with gold and oriental dyes, gaudy with barbaric elegance"; and, playing a mean trick on Menelaus, he persuaded Helen to run away with him. Menelaus went raving through Hellas, calling on all kings to avenge the cruel wrong to him. The kings in answer gathered their men and chariots and ships in Aulis and chose for their leader, Agamemnon, the brother of Menelaus and the husband of Clytemnestra, Helen's sister.

A thousand ships had gathered in Aulis from every coast of Hellas, but there fell on the great host severe storms, and they despaired of sailing. The captains fretted angrily. The arch-priest declared that Artemis, the Goddess of Aulis, demanded a sacrifice and that that sacrifice should be Iphigenia, the eldest daughter of Agamemnon! The demand of Artemis was not unreasonable, for had not Agamemnon vowed twice seven years before that "whatever birth most fair by day or night the year should bring," it should be paid to "Her that bringeth light"; and had not that very year his queen borne a child who was the most fair of all? Agamemnon was too affectionate a father to kill his daughter, and, rather than go over to Troy and avenge the abduction of Helen, he wished to disperse the host and return home. But Menelaus pleaded strongly with him and persuaded him to send for Iphigenia on pretence of marrying her in Aulis to Achilles. After a time, Agamemnon repented his rashness and countermanded his order. But it was of no avail. Agamemnon broke down and wept when he was told that Clytemnestra had come with Iphigenia, believing in his pretence. His outburst harrowed the souls of even the by-standers, and it would have been highly unnatural if a brother's heart had remained unmoved. Menelaus relented when he saw his strong brother in tears. Iphigenia's death now appeared to him to be too great a sacrifice for winning back his faithless wife. But, so far had things gone that it was certain that he united armies of Achaia would rise in mutiny, were they ordered to disperse. The high priest and the captain would not hesitate to rouse the crowd Iphigenia should therefore be sacrificed at all costs.

Achilles, who was in the dark concerning the plan of Agamemnon, met Clytemnestra by chance and the meeting ended in both learning the truth. When he met Clytemnestra, Achilles at first exclaimed, "Who may you be to venture among the assembled hosts of Achaia?" When she drew him on to talk, he curtly said "Briefly and to the purpose. I may not rightly hold converse with noble women." Again, when she offered her right hand to him, he remarked with horror "What words? Join my hand? Such wrong to king Agamemnon was unthinkable". Nevertheless, Clytemnestra threw herself at the feet of Achilles and made a pathetic appeal to him to save her daughter. When, moved by the appeal, Achilles promised help, Clytemnestra wished to have her daughter called to make her appeal personally. But Achilles checked her, saying, "Queen, do not call your daughter. Do nothing to cause ignorant tongues to chatter mischief and scandal."

Even Achilles, however, could not free Iphigenia from the net that fate had entangled her in. He frankly told Clytemnestra subsequently that the army to a man demanded the sacrifice and that he could not hope to subjugate the mob. Iphigenia now resigned herself to her fate. But, "when they took her and above the altar flame held, and the sword was swinging to the gash, lo, out of their vision in a flash Artemis wrapped her, leaving in her place a deer to bleed; and on through a great space of shining sky up bore, and in the town of Tauris, the unfriended, set her down; where over a savage people savagely king Troas ruled."

It may be observed here that the behaviour of Achilles to Clytemnestra and the resignation of Iphigenia to her fate are only illustrative of the manners of the times of Euripides, when a woman might not entertain her husband's guests at home, and when individual and family sentiments

were expected to yield to the needs of the state.

A woman, who toiled to be fair when her lord was far away, was surely false within. Agamemnon had gone from Aulis, and Iphigenia had joined the Immortals. Clytemnestra returned to Argos and daily sat at the looking glass, counting her golden hair, tress by tress! She made over her heart to Aegisthus, her husband's cousin. She prayed that Agamemnon might not return. When she learned that the Trojans were strong, her face lit up with brightness. When news spread that Troy seemed to fall, a swift cloud settled on her eyes. After ten long years, Agamemnon returned, "smiting king Priam in the dust and burning the storied streets of Illium." He heaped the tower and fane of Argos high with the spoils of the East, but only to be trapped and slain soon after by his wife. He, therefore, stood no more between his false wife and her lover. Still there were his children, Electra and Orestes, "unblown buds of man and womanhood" on whom the hand of Aegisthus must fall. Fortunately for the boy, an old slave, who had served Agamemnon's boyhood, stole Orestes and "bore him away over seas far off." As for Electra, she was left alone until "the warm days of womanhood drew nigh and suitors came of gentle blood."

With Electra as a princess, there was the danger of her father's death being avenged. Aegisthus wished, therefore, to have her slain. But Clytemnestra was after all a woman and not a monster. She pleaded for her daughter's life. Aegisthus yielded. But he gave Electra to a peasant to wed and decreed that, whoever found Orestes and killed him, should be richly rewarded. Clytemnestra and Aegisthus then rested on the throne of Argos with the spoils of Troy to gladden their hearts.

But, how long shall vice wield the sceptre and Divine justice lie in the dark? In God's wisdom, there is no time limit; retribution is certain, however long it tarries. The peasant, who married Electra, was not base of blood, though poor in land and gold. He knew the end sought by her marriage to him, and nobly resolved to be her husband only in name.

An unexpected meeting took place one early dawn between Electra and a young man, whom she soon came to recognise as her brother. Orestes had come with faithful friends to avenge his father's death; and the brother and sister entered into a plot to kill Aegisthus and Clytemnestra, which succeeded. But the horrible deed was execrated. The matricide was voted deserving of punishment. Haunted by the furies, Orestes reeled through Hellas, and wandered homeless from land to land, until Apollo sent him to Athens to take his trial before the Gods. At Athens, Phoebus bade him set sail for Tauris and bring from thence to Attica the divine image of Artemis.

So Orestes arrived along with his companion at the very place to which Iphigenia had been transported from Aulis. She was now the priestess of Artemis in her temple and entrusted with the duty of preparing victims for sacrifice. For long it had been the custom to sacrifice strangers cast upon the Tauric shores. So far, only barbarians had come. Iphigenia had waited half in horror and half in rage for the day when she should sacrifice a Greek. Orestes and his friend were the first Greeks to be dragged to the temple and handed over to the priestess. An interesting conversation ensued between her and the two young men, in the course of which it became clear who Orestes was. Iphigenia devised a daring and skilful plan for the escape of all the three to Athens, together with the image of Artemis. The plan did not fail, and Orestes reached Attica with the image. There, at the command of Athena, he built a temple and called it after the Tauric land, in commemoration of his sorrows and wanderings. Then the curse laid on him passed away and he returned to his father's country to ascend the throne. Electra had already married his faithful friend and Iphigenia became the warden of the temple built by him at Athens.

Though born of the same parents, circumstances made Electra and Iphigenia different in their feelings toward them. Electra hated her mother and loved her father. Iphigenia loved her mother and did not know that she loved her father. But, both were alike in their love for their brother. In their troubles, they expected him to save them and they were not disappointed.

I. D. TANGASWAMI

THE "BACHELOR GIRL"

A special feature of the modern age is "the Bachelor Girl." Independent, efficient and keen on her work, she is capable of leading a happy free life, without for ever being on the look-out for a husband. On looking back through the ages, however, were un-married independent women so very uncommon in the days of our ancestors? As Miss Picton-Turbervill said in *the Daily Mirror*, "there have been bachelor girls ever since the days of Hypatia, the bachelor girl philosopher who lectured in Alexandria early in the Christian era and was torn to pieces by jealous monks. Indeed, they flourished long before the days of Hypatia."

The fact cannot be denied, however, that bachelor girls are much more common in modern days. Europe is replete with them. There may have been many un-married ladies in Victorian times; but they could not have exactly been termed "Bachelor girls," for they were more or less dependent on their families and would never have thought of staying by themselves and living independent lives. To quote Miss Picton-Turbervill again, "As a rule, whether she liked it or not, she lived with a family—it was more respectable to do this, than to have a room of her own." Dame Ethel Smyth—a bachelor girl in those days—tells in her book, *Impressions that remain,* how a girl student in Germany had to live with a family, whether she liked it or not; her good name depended on her doing so.

Today, however, there are flats in Europe where girls can live a perfectly independent life. These flatlets are furnished and contain everything desirable. They are rather delectable abodes; "the beds are beds, sideboards and tables all in one! The armchair is an armchair, sofa and bootbox all in one. The room is centrally heated, each one having a wee pantry attached, which possesses—think of the luxury—a refrigerator.'

The " bachelor girl " in Europe, is therefore very well off. Conditions in India, however are different. It is chiefly during the past few years that Indian girls are becoming independent and learning to fend for themselves. Many of them, who are educated and can earn their own livelihood, do not go husband-hunting, or refuse to have matches arranged by their families for them. It is essential, therefore, that such Indian bachelor girls should have comfortable places to stay in. Hostels are used in many cases; but girls prefer to run their own abodes, and so, even in Victorian India, flats and flatlets are coming into their own. It will be a bright day for India, indeed, when girls live independent lives, as they do in Europe. What surer way is there for woman asserting her rights, than by showing to man that she can do without him? Her value is at once raised, and, when man sees that a woman is not to be had cheap, her worth will naturally increase.

ROHINI

STREETS OF PEKING

Peking is a city of all ages, of all cultures and races. It is a city of curious contrasts —as all large cities in the East are likely to be.

In this picturesque city of Peking, with its 4,800 hutungs (streets) live over a million and a half of Chinese. To walk on many of the streets of Peking is to see life. There are of course tree-lined, up-to-date, paved avenues; and there are intriguing, narrow, winding mud lanes; you will notice high-powered automobiles honking their way amidst *rickshas* (nearly fifty thousand of them), bicycles (over eighty thousand), donkey-carts and camels, large and young; khaki-clad alert policemen directing traffic at strategic points; swift-going buses that stop more often to let the wandering dog cross the streets than to take in passengers; and street cars jammed with people like sardines. Side by side, on the same thoroughfare, you see modern department stores and dinky little "variety" shops; and then again, in front of them, on the side-walks, you will find half-starved traders displaying on a white sheet of cloth pots and potteries, statues of ancient gods along with modern cutleries, pain-killers, ague-cures, combs, water-melon seeds, peanuts, old bottles, rags and rusty irons and what not. You will find old, delapidated, as well as finely-kept, Buddhist, Taoist, and Confucius temples and newly built churches—all proclaiming the glories of Buddha, Taotze, Confucius and Christ. And here and there are mosques in honor of the great founder of Islam. There are parks and gardens and palaces of exquisite charm and beauty (how unforgettable is the delicate sweep of a Chinese roof) along side-shacks of extreme ugliness. And there is the indescribable beauty of the Altar of Heaven, built of pure white marble, delicately carved and arranged in three graceful terraces, where the emperors of the Celestial Empire made obeisance to the only superior they acknowledged—Heaven.

The streets of a typical residential section of Peking reveal nothing of the beauty that lies behind the ugly grey walls of brick or stone, that strike the eye of the visitor. But there are treasures within! You are led from one courtyard to another, full of trees and miniature gardens, until you reach the reception hall of a Chinese home, most tastefully decorated with objects of art. To the people of China, the exterior counts for nothing; vulgar display is not the characteristic of the race. Hence, there may be ugliness without, but there is beauty within.

Houses are one storey high. The blue dome of the skies and the green trees cover them. For this reason and the building plan of the homes as described above, Peking, in spite of its million and a half population, looks like a village. As you leave the street and enter a home and pass through the courtyards, green with trees, and aloof from noise, you feel as though you enter a country home!

Culturally, Peking is the city of cities in China. It is the seat of the National Library and the National University. With its 265 other educational institutions and scientific Foundations, it is easily the cultural centre of the Republic of China Here is also the seat of one of the world's best medical institutions—a gift of the Rockefellers where the most up-to-date researches in the medical field are being done, amidst ancient practices of medieval "medicine men." There are newspapers and magazines published in the city, in Chinese, Japanese, English and in French. There are theatres, concerts, recitals, art exhibitions, both Chinese and foreign, every week; and there are socio-religious festivals almost everyday in some section of the metropolis where the gods and goddesses of the three religions (Buddhism, Confucianism and Taoism) are willy-nilly worshipped amidst universal merriment, and where petty merchants sell their wares, jugglers jug and beggers beg and story tellers and children have their day—all in true Indian fashion! And a son of India really wonders whether he is in India or in China!

Out of the fairs again you find yourself in the streets of Peking. Jade street! Embroidery street! Lantern street! Flower street! Each street named after its trade. Trayfuls of green jade, white jade, black jade and jades of amber and rose; exquisite silk embroideries done in red, green and blue that can stand their own with similar work in Kashmere; rows upon rows of lovely lanterns of all sizes and shapes; and, flowers of every hue and fragrance!

Streets of Peking! In one of the main thoroughfares, Japanese soldiers march, four in file, singing lustily. Aggrieved and patriotism-fed Chinese look on! What marvellous self-control! In humbler hutungs, the children, with their short hair braided stiff and wrapped round with woollen threads of red and green and yellow, play and sing and cry "hallo" to the stranger passing by; or cluster around a huge earthen bowl where chestnuts are being roasted, eager to have a handful! And you see the mothers rushing out to drag the unwilling children in, mothers whose faces are kind and resolute, fit to face problems of a "big family", so that the children may not be tempted to buy sweets from the vendors. And one notices anytime, anywhere, men or women of all ages relishing steaming hot sweet potatoes, fat and long! One may also see occasionally modern little daughters of China smoking cigarettes and conversing with their bound-feet (very scarce now-a-days) mothers or grandmothers!

Streets of Peking! What will they look like without the colorful fronts of their shops; the swing of the ricksha-pullers; the dust-laden beggars with timid hope in their eyes; here and there the solemn shadows of ancient trees; the pomp and splendour of marriage processions, very gay with multicolored banners and musicians dressed up in red, green and orange, playing indigenous and foreign instruments and beating drums of gold, while attendants carry on their shoulders the happy couple in gorgeously-covered sedan-chairs; the funerals which resemble a festive procession —thanks to the dictum of Confucious: "serve the dead as if they were living"— the whole function rather hopefully, though not cheerfully executed; and above, all, the street vendors with their sing-song cries, selling anything from sweets, dolls and kerosine oil to boiled cabbage, peanuts and potatoes!

This is Peking. At once ancient, medieval and modern; rooted firmly in her own culture, yet attempting to absorb whatever is agreeable (or disagreeable) in the civilization of the West. A man of China may be slow; yet, as he rides on a bicycle and drives a car, his speed is as fast as, if not faster than, elsewhere in the world,

HEMENDRA K. RAKHIT

THE NEST

From out the star-flowered bosom of the hush
Of night, the melodies of bird-songs come;
The morning breaks: the cheeks of heaven blush
Red. Light runs riot o'er the streams of life;
Unrest is abroad; love of action, strife
Pervades the mighty universe: and you,
My little bird, must also from your home
Wander. Your new-fledged wings impatient are
To try their little strength in th' vast afar.
But th' nest will hang upon this lonely tree
Empty and useless. Like a changeless star,
When day is done, will you return to me?
Take within you the morning's songs and light
And fill the nest with yourself in the night.

SUSI P. DAVID.

EDITOR'S NOTES

(1) The education of Women

The special sphere of women, as we have always been told, is home and domesticity. In any case, since woman has a special aptitude for home-making, she should learn about it. There are two branches in it. The first is domestic service. The *Stri-Dharma* lays emphasis on the following lines of it: "Nutrition and cooking, including dietetics, child-care, development and children's nursery, home-making and its management, textile, clothing and pattern-making, home economics, comprising the knowledge of shelter, housing and house-hold equipment, social problems, applied art with reference to the home and utilization of leisure hours." For such courses, we have now a few special institutions, such as Prof. Karve's All-India Women's University, Dr. Tagore's Women's College, the domestic science college at Delhi. Still, there are many more needed for such a vast population as that of India.

The second part of home-making is learning to be companions to men, more especially to husbands. It is a common cry now that educated Indian men cannot find suitable wives in India, for so many girls fall short of the necessary comradeship. Hence they turn often to foreign girls, which is a great pity. Now the chief desirability in the wife of an educated man is that she should share not only thoughts and ideals with her mate, but, also his place in society and the state. In many institutions for domestic science, the teaching of such companionship is not included. The art of conversation, of entertaining, of thoughtful consideration, is not at all inculcated. True, such things ought to be taught more at home than in school or college; but, where the old-fashioned Indian home has not got it, educational institutions must step in.

Are women however to be relegated only to a home-life? Are they not to take part in social and national life too? Surely, they must. There are so many problems for them to tackle, sometimes along with men, sometimes by themselves. For this, training in sociology, in organization and in leadership is required. Moreover, it happens that there are now many Indian women, who cannot find husbands, and who therefore need to earn a livelihood for themselves. For this, they have to get vocational training of various kinds.

Therefore, technical education is needed to fit a woman for different spheres of life as enumerated above. And what else besides? Surely a good general education, which will not only enhance her womanhood, but which will make her fit for any sort of work she may undertake, or be placed in. This does not mean the passing of examinations alone, but inculcates a wide culture and knowledge. There is an article in the *Stri-Dharma*, which advocates the idea that girls should be educated differently from boys. This is right; but it does not mean that the education given to boys should be denied to girls. Let those who are capable of taking the former, take it; for, if it fits the boys to carry on through life, it will do the same for girls of a certain type. But the fact remains that University education is not suitable to all girls; and only those, who are capable of it, should take to it, as Miss de la Hey, Principal of Queen Mary's College in Madras, lately advised. There is no use of over-stocking the market with graduates, who have just managed to scrape through; and who have no special aptitude for any work. A girl, therefore, should be helped to make a wise choice of the sort of education good for her. At the same time, she should be taught the right attitude towards higher education, which, like every other kind of education, should be understood to be, not merely a qualification for employment, but also, and chiefly, the enhancement of mental culture and efficiency. It does not matter whether it is used to earn a livelihood, or to give efficiency in one's sphere of life. Taken as such, education of any kind, can be

A Group Photograph taken on the Anniversary Day of the South Indian Ladies' Club at Delhi.

[Photo :—R. VENKOBA RAO, Srirangam.]

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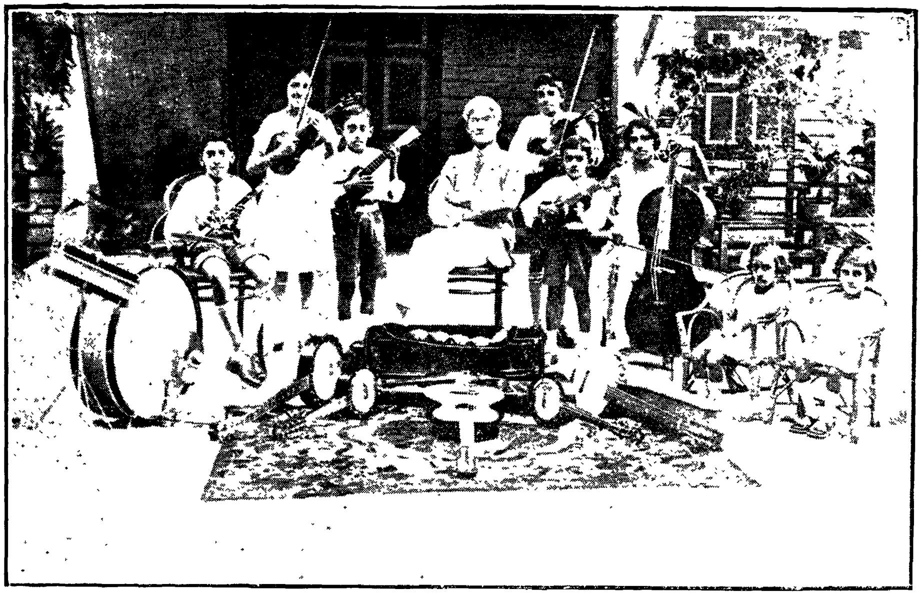


AN ORCHESTRA IN THE FAMILY

The eight children of Mr. G. V. S. Sabapathy of the little town of Parit Buntar Perak, Federated Malay States, have been taught to form a string band. The four eldest children play more than four instruments each, and the youngest four play two instruments each. This little orchestra, known as "Sabapathy's Orchestra," plays classical and popular pieces and has often helped at concerts. The musical instructor, Mr. A. Martines of Penang, is seen in this picture, seated in the midst. We commend this idea of music in the home to families in India, suggesting of course that Indian music forms a large item in the programme.

useful to any person, man or woman. Training, for instance, in mathematics teaches exactitude and system; tuition in science inculcates reasoning as to causes and results, besides giving much, needed information; the study of literature of whatever nation enlarges the mind and increases culture. In their aims, men and women must co-operate with each other, not compete with each other, as so often happens, or be antagonistic to each other. After all, the objects and ideals of both must be the same, *viz.*, to build up the structure of life, given to them by their Creator as their responsibility and privilege.

(2) The growth of Indian art

A very noteworthy function was the Women's Fine Arts Conference, held lately at Allahabad, under the Presidentship of Mrs. Sarla Devi Chowdhari. At this, not only was there a display of exhibits of fine arts; but also measures were discussed for the renewal of the lost Indian arts "A master artist," it was laid down, "was a *Yogi*, meditation, absorption, concentration being the essence of his being." The culture of art was very necessary for the development of the soul; and it was the special work of women to foster the appreciation of beauty in nature and art. Resolutions were passed, advising the popularising of the teaching of music, dancing, painting and sculpture in educational institutions.

It is worthy of notice that the National Council of women in India has decided to hold an exhibition of Fine Arts and Handicrafts, at its Fourth Biennial Conference, which will be held in Bombay from the 13th to the 16th of March.

Such encouragement of art is indeed very important in India at the present movement. Above all, it is very necessary for women, who are after all "spiritually, emotionally and intellectually so constituted that the fine arts are to them the very breath of life." Therefore, as a means of livelihood, apart from being an agency for self-expression, art, in painting, decoration and sewing must be cultivated by women, especially in these days, when there are so many women needing careers. As the *Times of India* said: "The women of India should take advantage of this general awakening of interest in Art and contribute their quota to its progress. Although the activity of women, particularly in India, is generally confined to the narrow sphere of the home, even there they can find opportunities for the development of their aptitude for Art. To make the home beautiful ought to be the ambition of every woman, who wants to take her rightful place in the social fabric. She should regard it as her privilege to enrich life by contributing to its beauty. Spiritually, emotionally, and intellectually, woman is so constituted that the fine arts are to her the very breath of life. With a little time and attention devoted to any branch of these Arts, she will not find it difficult to excel."

(3) A home of rescued women

All well-wishers of India will strongly endorse the appeal for funds, which appears in the *Stri Dharma* to provide homes for women rescued from brothels and for those who are in danger of being drawn to a life of dishonour. Now that some of the provisions of the act for the closing of brothels have come into force, the problem arises as to where to house the victims. Up to the age of 16, the Children's Aid Society provides for them; but after that, except for one or two homes run by the Salvation Army and by some good nuns, there is no shelter for such, for they cannot be mixed with other girls. In Calcutta and in Bombay, not only the Government, but the people in general also, are more alive to the need, for there are many such homes there. It is for the women of Madras to form organisations to induce all bodies to take an interest in this noble work. As the *Stri-Dharma* says: "unless we agree to take upon ourselves the voluntary burden of lifting these poor women out of the slough into which they have fallen, more often through over-power-

ing circumstances, this evil of immoral living will never be removed from our midst, and while it exists we are all in danger. In saving these helpless women, we will be serving ourselves, as well as them."

OUR SERIAL STORY

Detective Janaki, by K. S.

(Janaki is detected by her step-mother in an innocent flirtation with the undesirable Sivaram. Two alternatives are laid before her; she must either marry Natesan, or have her escapade reported to her father. Hating both, Janaki runs out of the house. She meets a stranger called Seshan, whose matrimonial advertisement she had answered. He tells her he has a past which he will not disclose. Yet, she marries him, after getting his permission to carry on with her hobby, which is detective work. She gets her first case when she tries to discover what is wrong with an obviously-unhappy married couple. She follows them to their house, and succeeds in smoothing out their misunderstanding. Then, she succeeds in another case, in which she is able to give back a lost daughter to her parents. In her third case, she discovers that a husband, thought dead, is not dead and restores him to happiness with his wife. In her fourth case, she is able to save a victim of religious fanaticism.)

Chapter X

Seshan went to Janaki one day with a rather serious face, and told her that the police were beginning to interest themselves in her activities.

"Can you wonder at that?" he asked, "after your last dealings with the temple-priest? Janaki, why not give it all up?"

"Oh, Seshan, can you really mean that after all our successes? You know what we are working for."

"Yes—yes, but cannot we collaborate at the same time with police authorities?"

"How can we? Our objects are quite different to theirs. They are working to detect crime and catch the criminal. My—our—object is to help people out of trouble, even at the expense of hiding crime, or even of doing something wrong ourselves to get right done. Don't you see?"

"I do; but then the notoriety of it? People will soon begin talking about us."

"Let them."

"Why should they, Janaki? I don't like to see ourselves in the public eye, especially you, a woman. They will soon be dragging all our secrets from us."

"I have no secrets—or at least—I—," sh stopped vaguely, her eyes large with a forgotten memory, about which she was ashamed.

"There you are, you see. You too have a secret. What is it?"

"Oh—nothing—just my step-mother—; but why do you ask? Didn't we promise to leave our pasts alone?"

"We did."

"But seriously, Seshan, tell me, will all this affect you badly? You said you had a past—a rather questionable one. Suppose, the police begin to nose it out? If you are in any way afraid, I shall certainly and gladly consent to retire into obscurity."

Seshan hesitated; but, happening to look at his wife, he caught a strange look in her eyes, which put him on his mettle. She seemed to be wondering anxiously about him, and yet there was a dawning look of disappointment and fear. She seemed to grieve for him, and yet be sorry she had to grieve. He braced himself.

"Go ahead, my child. Don't fear for me. If anything happens, I shall get my just deserts."

"Ah, but—"

"Leave things alone, Janaki. You promised to, you know."

He went away, and Janaki sadly found herself recalling what she once had read in the Bible, that it was only people of darkness, who liked to be in darkness, who hated the light. But then, he was not afraid to come out into the light. And yet— She sighed.

A few days later, Seshan noticed her rather gloomingly absorbed in a letter. For a while, he kept silent; but his usually loquacious wife did not fulfil his expectations and blurt out her trouble. So, after a while, unable to see that look of sadness on her usually happy features, he asked her what the matter was.

"I wonder why most of us, Indian women, for the matter of that, all women, regard marriage as our goal in life. We seem to want nothing else."

"That's because you can't exist by yourselves. Physically, you need a protector! morally, you must lean on someone."

"Nonsense!"

"Yet, it is sense. Why else are women so happy in their homes? All this talk of equality with man is nonsense indeed. But, never mind that. What's worrying you now?"

"You remember Sarada, don't you, who came to help us in our second case two years ago, that affair about Nalini and her low-caste husband? Well, she also is married, and I have none left to help me."

"What about my worthy self?"

"You are a great help, but you are a man. Dash all women, I say, and their marriages!"

"But you yourself got married, my dear."

"I was driven to it."

"Indeed!"

"But that does not mean that I am unhappy. Of course not, you silly man!"

"What's wrong with Sarada's husband?"

"Nothing. It was a hastily-arranged match by the parents. I wonder why, having allowed her to remain unmarried so long, they should now hurry her into marriage. But Sarada seems to like the man and is happy. And she says she is still willing to help me, when she can."

"Why grouse then?"

"I don't like what she says about my other friend, Menaka. You know I told you she was married a little more than two years ago. Her husband was a very nice man, she said. A year ago, she was blessed with a lovely boy. She ought to be happy. But she isn't."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Sarada suggests my paying a visit to her. She is still in my old town, where Menaka also is. Shall I go?"

"What about your step-mother?"

"I believe she has gone on a visit to her sick father. So, the coast is clear."

"Must you go?"

"Don't you like to let me go? You must like to be by yourself sometimes. You know my theory that a husband and wife are happiest, when they separate from each other occasionally."

"And you wish to test it? And you are not at all sorry to leave me, you cold-blooded creature?"

"Are you sorry to leave me?"

"Estimate me by yourself, my child. You can go."

"Thank you."

Janaki did not stay with her father, but went to Sarada's house. From there she went to Menaka's place. And she was very glad that she had made up her mind to pay the visit; for the Menaka she found was not the one she had left. The sweet dignity of old had become mere sternness; the gentle stateliness had changed into solemnity; the deliberation was now hesitation; the thoughtfulness had become a sort of obstinacy; the sensitiveness had changed into irritability, which, under the rigorous self-control Meneka exercised, made her very nervous and all on edge as it were. And yet, through all the change, the old attraction was still apparent, but oh, how pathetic it was! It wrung Janaki's heart.

Menaka sat reserved and pre-occupied, and scarcely spoke, after the first few words of welcome, except to answer Janaki's many questions. To her little boy, a child of one year, she scarcely had anything to say. The little fellow

went to her but seldom, the girl noticed, which was but natural, considering the little notice she took of him. But the latter was sure that her friend was glad to see her; the welcome had been a genuine one.

"How long has she been like this?" she asked Sarada later.

"The change has been coming on slowly, I think, but became more apparent when she knew another baby was coming. That was about three months ago."

"Perhaps it is due to her condition,"

"It may be so; but then it might lead to that madness, what do you call it, which comes at child-birth."

Then Janaki enquired about the husband, and found that he had gone out on a business tour for two or three days. He often had to make those excursions. There was nothing wrong about him. He was a perfect gentleman, and he loved his wife, but he too was unhappy about her.

Janaki, who knew her Menaka well, did not try to force her confidence, but did her best to restore the candid friendship of olden days. But to no purpose. The frigid Menaka remained as frigid as ever on the surface; though somehow Janaki thought that she did notice a little softening of her eyes. Had the thaw set in, she asked herself.

Yes, it had; for two days later came the sudden melting. It happened this way. Janaki was playing with the friendly child, who was indeed all too happy to be played with. To and fro they tossed a ball for a while; then began to build houses with bricks and cards. The child gurgled with happy laughter. After a while, however, he grew tired, crept into his friend's welcoming arms, and asked her to tell him a story. Janaki began a fascinating tale. Menaka was sitting by, pretending to sew, but in reality watching the pretty scene with gloomy eyes. Janaki wondered why they should be so. Into her own heart crept longings for a child of her own, to love, to cherish, to play with.

Suddenly, she heard a stifled exclamation from Menaka. There was a sudden swoop of the tall form, and the child was no longer on Janaki's lap, but cradled in the arms of his mother. Menaka patted him and fondled him; the child crooned in return; but still there did not seem to be much of a mother's fond foolishness in Menaka, only a burst of impulsiveness, as it were. What a reserved girl, she was, thought Janaki.

The baby fell asleep. The mother's fair face had been growing more and more flushed, Janaki noticed, and her eyes drooping. Suddenly, the child was put down gently, and there came a burst of bitter tears. Yes, they were bitter, the other girl concluded, and she crept to her friend's side, and held her in a fond clasp.

At last, Menaka found words.

"Oh," she cried, "why was I born at all to be so unhappy? Not only am I unhappy, but my friends also, and above all, he, my husband."

"Why?"

"Oh, I have deceived him, and he is such a good man. He believes in me, but I—I—What shall I do? What shall I do? Never mind for myself, but if I can save him—"

"Can't I help you?"

"Nobody can, except myself. I myself must untangle the knot my fingers have made. And I shall do it, but at what a cost? Don't spy on me, Janaki, don't. My husband won't do it, you know."

"Of course not."

That evening, Menaka announced that she was going to a temple about a mile away to fulfil a vow she had sworn. No one was to go with her, except an old woman-servant. Janaki, on her part, said she would pay a visit to her father. So they each went their own way.

Janaki was welcomed perfunctively by her parent, who, felt himself rather ill-used. Why should his daughter stay in another person's house? Why hadn't she come to visit him all these days? and soon,

As she was leaving, Janaki got a turn. At the gate stood none other than her old admirer, Sivaram. Tall and handsome, he stood before her and looked at her with

rather a leer. She looked back to see if her father had observed the encounter; but that casual old gentleman was already deep in his paper. So Janaki walked on, and with her went Sivaram.

"'You are very happy, aren't you?' he queried. "You found your husband, and you would not wait for me. And yet, and yet, you allowed me to—"

"That was your own act. You forced me."

"But I did it only because you encouraged me. Weren't you kind to me? Didn't you go out with me for walks? Oh Janaki, you led me on, you did."

"If I did, I did so innocently. I did not know that there were such men like you."

"My dear, there are plenty like me. Girls may think they are innocent, and yet flirt with men; and what about the men?"

"Why can't they also be innocent?"

"How can they, when the girls don't mean them to be so?"

"Nonsense. You always misunderstood women and put bad intentions into their hearts. It is your own evil heart, which misinterprets them. This is especially true in India. But in England, I hear——"

"Oh, I dare say, the same thing happens there, only all is cloaked under the name of liberty. I tell you, men and women cannot be innocently happy with one another."

"I'll never subscribe to that. I do believe men and women can be friends and nothing else."

"You can't deny sex."

"If your will is strong, any such feelings can be overcome. Sex may make itself felt, but—"

"Hearts can be broken, at?"

"Not if friendship is taken at its worth. How long can we, Indian girls, keep aloof from any comaradeship with men? And when we do so we are called aloof and reserved."

"Never mind all that, Janaki. Are you happy now"

"Of course."

"With that bounder,"

"My husband is no bounder. He's a true gentleman?"

"I hear he is not with you now. Why?"

"He has his own work, as I have mine."

"Indeed? Quite modern. Has he told you about his past?"

"Yes," she said boldly. He appeared surprised.

"What, has he told you, that it was not a very grand one?"

She put her hand on his mouth. "Please don't say anything further. And please let my hand go."

To her disgust, he had taken it into his and had began fondling and kissing it. She was disgusted. "Let me go," she cried again.

But he would not. Instead, he began drawing her closer to him. They were on a lonely road, and Janaki began to be afraid. What would not that daring wretch do, she thought to herself. She pulled herself away from him, and began to run. She was an agile girl, but he began to gain on her. They came near some old ruins. Janaki lifted her voice and called for help. To her surprise, two figures suddenly appeared, a man and a woman. The man disappeared, but the woman came forward. And, greatest marvel of all, it was Menaka!

"Who is that?" called the latter. "Is it you, Janaki? What's the matter?" Janaki looked back and found that Sivaram had made himself scarce.

"N-nothing," She mumbled. "I—I was frightened. I thought—a—ghost—," then she stopped, for she remembered she had several times spoken to Menaka about her disbelief in spectres. But Menaka did not notice the lapse.

"They say the wood is haunted," said the other absently. Janaki was startled by her voice and looked closely at her friend. How over-wrought she appeared, how pitiful, and how cross!

"What's the matter, my dear?" she queried genlty.

"Nothing", said the other rudely. "But, what made you spy on me? Couldn't you

rust me? You are an old friend. I tell you, this is the last straw—"

"Menaka, Menaka, I did not mean to spy on you. Won't you believe me? I love you and I believe in you. Menaka, Menaka!"

The distracted girl let her gaze rest on her for a minute, and then nodded her head, but oh, so vacantly.

"I believe you," she said indifferently, "but what does that matter after all? I am out of the question now. See here, Janaki. If—if, anything happens to me, will you tell my husband that I–I–loved him, and did everything I could for him. Tell him to forgive me, a poor distraught woman, who—who—;" Unable to proceed further, she turned aside and covered her face with her sari. Her slender frame shook with sobs.

Janaki could only murmur, "I will, I will; but oh my dear, what will happen? Won't you tell your old Janaki?"

But Menaka was silent. After a while, she pulled herself together and somehow they reached home. That night, the master of the house returned and Janaki found him all that he had been portrayed to be. That he loved his wife and child, there was no doubt. That he was sadly hurt by his wife's indifference to her child, there was also no doubt. That he further nobly hid his hurt, and did not allow it to corrode his love for her, was quite patent. Once he took the baby and placed him in his wife's arms. She put him away with a perfunctory kiss. Immediately, the father took him back again with a laugh; but Janaki had not missed the second of grief on his face.

Janaki had a room to herself, and she fell asleep after tossing an hour with painful thought. She wished she had her husband to advise her in this difficult matter. She made up her mind to send for him the next day. He was sure to come.

A sudden noise awoke her. A door had stealthily been opened and closed. The action itself would have been nothing; but there was something furtive about it. Was it a thief? Janaki sat up with a beating heart, and waited to hear if anyone else had heard the noise. Apparently not.

Well, it was up to her to do something.

So, taking up the torch, which was always kept under her bed, she quietly arose, opened her own door and peeped into the verandah. Yes, someone had come out of the house, a tall form muffled in a shawl. Who was it? It did not look like a man? Well then, a woman. A servant? Then Janaki, with a bound of her heart, realised that it was Menaka.

Oh, what was her friend doing? What was the poor girl up to?

Menaka went out of the gate, and Janaki softly followed, slipping along from shadow to shadow, She did not suspect for moment that she in her turn was being followed; but so it was. They came to a thick cluster of trees. Into this Menaka disappeared. As there appeared to be leaves on the ground, as far as the faint light showed, Janaki stooped to pull off the sandals she had slipped on. It was but a minute she paused, but in that minute she lost sight of the other girl. Where had she gone? Which of the three paths in front of her had she taken?

As she stood hesitating, and shivering with fear, a soft cry came to her ears, then a wail of sorrow. What was happening, oh what?

She sprang forward in the direction of the sound, and then, oh then—

She saw Menaka standing on the low wall of a well inside the wood. She saw her look up to heaven. She saw her raise her clasped hands above her, and appear to bend forward.

"Menaka, oh Menaka, for Heaven's sake—, someone screamed. Janaki did not know it was herself. The other girl paused and looked round. Janaki screamed again, but felt that the other would not listen; on the other hand probably matters had been precipitated.

What could she she do? Oh, for a miracle! Then, the miracle happened. Someone rushed out of the trees on the other side, got hold of the distracted fingure and pulled her down. Janaki ran forward and found Menaka in a dead faint in the arms of her husband.

Together, they carried her home. After a long while she recovered, but could not

speak a word. The look of agony in her eyes was pitiful; but, in spite of herself, the eyes closed with exhaustion, and after a while she dropped into a troubled sleep.

When she awoke, Janaki spoke to her gently, but firmly. There was no use of killing herself, she said, or of making herself miserable. Something was wrong, terribly wrong. Why add misunderstanding to sorrow? Her husband was in an agony of grief, thinking that he had failed in some way to make his wife happy, which was why she had wanted to die. Why all that? asked our heroine gently.

Menaka shuddered and sat up. Oh well, if it had come to that, if in any case she had throw him into deep sorrow, she would disclose everything. She called her husband.

" Please send for Mr. K ," she said to him. " Send by someone responsible, for he won't easily come."

" What, K., my enemy? Has he been rude to you in any way?"

" Send for him. He knows everything. I've been speaking to him."

" He knows everything, while I'm ignorant. Have you been friends with him then, your old admirer, who tried once to carry you off—?"

" Even him. What then?" Asked Menaka in a hard voice, standing up at an equal height with him.

For a long moment, he looked deep into her noble eyes, then he held out his arms and took her to him.

" Nothing, my wife, nothing," he murmured. " The queen is above suspicion. You have a right to do what you like."

Then the deeps of sorrow, as of love, broke up, and Janaki stole out of the room.

When Mr. K. came reluctantly, Menaka's husband welcomed him, in spite of his dislike and took him into his wife's room. And then, the whole story was told composedly by Menaka herself, for now she was strong in her husband's love.

" You know my baby was born unexpectedly," she said to her husband, when you were away. Well, it died, and I was very unhappy, for I knew how much you looked forward to the birth of an heir. Then, my old servant came to me and whispered that a child had been born in another house the same day, and that the mother was dead, and the father did not know what to do. Would I care to exchange children? I would have the beautiful boy, while the dead child could be kept with the dead mother. Nobody would know. The temptation was great, and I fell into it. I got the boy, and he grew up as our son. But I—I could not love him, like my own child. How could I? And yet—and yet—I felt myself so cruel. The child was innocent, but I did not love him. I was glad to see you loved him, but I was also jealous.

And then I was so unhappy, because I had deceived you. You trusted me so much. But you were so wrapped up in the boy that I was afraid to undeceive you and break your heart. Besides, I had found that he was the son of your old enemy. Oh, I was in a mess.

And then, and then, this man began to worry me. He wanted me. If I did not give myself to him, he would betray me to you, he said I ought to have told you, I know;—but I was so afraid for you, and I thought that you would hate me for my deception.

For long months, I was distracted. This man worried me often with letters. You knew I was getting some secret letters, but you were too noble to ask about them. The only consolation was that Mr. K. was somewhat afraid of you and dreaded that he might be found out.

At last, things came to a head. I could hold out no longer, but I would not lose my honour. Neither could I make you unhappy by betraying the secret about the child. So, after a last appeal to the man near the temple, which Janaki interrupted, I made up my mind to kill myself. But first, I wrote a letter to this man, telling him what I intended to do, and threatening to haunt him with my spirit, if ever he betrayed our secret. So, I knew he would be terrified, and you would be happy—"

" What, after losing you so terribly?"

" You would be grieved for awhile, but then you had the child."

"What is the child to me, compared with you? You have been a little mad, haven't you, Menaka."

"Do you call it only madness then, and not a natural gift for deceiving? Thank God!"

Then the husband turned to the other man.

"And now, Mr. K., what do you want to do with the child? Would you like to take him back?"

"I can't. I am very poor."

"Let me adopt him then. I still love him like my own child." He looked appealingly at his wife, and she smiled at him.

"Very well, I shall make him over to you. Let us go to Madras and arrange the matter. Only you and your wife must be as kind to him as to your own children. Forgive me, and promise."

They promised, and the promise was kept, even after the birth of Menaka's second child, a beautiful girl. The two children were brought up as happy brother and sister.

(To be continued)

TWO YEARS AGO

It was a glorious moonlight night in the month of December. Everything was as calm and peaceful as it could be. Except for the gentle rustling of the cocoanut leaves as they swayed to and fro, there was not the slightest stir in the air. The intoxicating scent of the Night-Queen flower was everywhere. So wonderful was the scene that one could have said with Browning:—

"God's in his heaven
All's right with the world."

But, all was not right with the world. Inside the palatial residence of Nandkumar, the rich landowner of Indore, lay the prostrate figure of a young girl huddled on the sofa. She was about eighteen summers of age. Fair and slim, she was the very picture of beauty, and the utter simplicity of her nature was disclosed by her trustful brown eyes. What could there be to make Radha, the only and the dearly-beloved daughter of Nandkumar, sob as if her heart was breaking?

Two years ago, how different things had been! Yes, two years ago, she had been betrothed to Raman, the second son of Muralidhar, a retired lecturer of the University of Patna, a handsome and well-accomplished youth, who had taken his M.A. degree with distinction at the university, and who was in every way just the man to win winsome Radha's heart. They were very much in love with each other, and unlike the saying that "the course of true love never did run smooth," the parents of both parties had given their full consent to their engagement. But, as another saying goes, "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip." They could not be married for some years to come, as Raman had to go abroad to prosecute his studies further. Radha's heart quailed at the idea of parting from him for two long, dreary years. Yet, the feeling that love would conquer all obstacles lay uppermost in her mind, and her absolute faith in Raman made her resign herself to the grievous parting.

Raman left for England. It was a terrible wrench for him to part with his beloved Radha. But men often forget sooner than women. Absence from home, and a change of environment wrought a rapid change in Raman. To a youth fresh from India, the lure of the West had a fascination which was irresistible. London, with its gay life and its other attractions, absorbed Raman. Life was so entirely different from home with its seclusion. Slowly, but surely, poor Radha became the shadow of a shade in his memory; and judging from himself, he imagined that Radha also must have found other attractions during his absence. Letters

from him became few and far between. After eight months, they practically ceased.

Meanwhile, Raman's infidelity to Radha became a by-word, and the poor girl found her position at home unbearable. To add to her misery, her father, vexed by the faithlessness of Raman, had determined to get Radha married to a *sowcar*, by name Syamsunder, who was anything but a suitable match for her. He was a huge, burly, uncouth fellow past middle age, and a typical *sowcar* to boot, and Radha could not even bear the idea of living with such a man. Syamsunder had bided his time, as he had been a rival of Raman, and he added fuel to the fire raging in Nandkumar's heart by vilifying and painting Raman worse than he really was. On this particular day, Nandkumar had just left Radha's room after giving her the ultimatum that she should wed Syamsunder in a week's time, or see her father's face no more.

Such was Radha's fate. It was no wonder, therefore, that she was sobbing as if her heart would break. Nandkumar in his hurt pride had become a veritable tyrant to his dearly-beloved child, not caring whether she was happy or not. All that he wanted at the moment was the saving of his reputation, for which he was willing to sacrifice his daughter's happiness. Radha was so stunned by the threat that she stood dazed and petrified for a few minutes after her father had left the room. Then came the natural re-action of her pent-up feelings. She thought of Raman and his desertion, and sobbed piteously. How could she, a poor defenceless girl, battle against a cruel fate thar drove her into the arms of a man she loathed? Try as she would, she could not wipe the memory of Raman from her heart. Death seemed her only refuge, but she knew full well that it was a sin to destroy one's life. Radha pondered, and at last hit upon a plan. Yes, she would leave home, and go out into the wide world, and try to earn her living unrecognized.

It was midnight then, and the sky was rather dark, as the moon was on the wane. The atmosphere was tense, and the sultriness of the night tended to make Radha still more miserable. Quietly she got out of her bed, and prepared herself for flight. Taking a pair of scissors, she cut off her long silken tresses. Quickly she cast off the rich clothes she had been wearing, and changed into a plain white cotton sari. She then rubbed off the 'tilak mark' from her forehead, and removed all her jewels except a string of pearls with a locket containing Raman's photograph, which had been his betrothal gift to her. Then, after bidding farewell to the beautiful picture of her long-lost and dearly-beloved mother, she left her father's house, never more to return,

Radha had never been out of her home alone and naturally she was trembling with mixed feelings when she set out on the dark road to the nearest railway station. She, the pet daughter of a millionaire, was having her first experience of trudging on foot. She had hardly travelled a mile, before her tender feet unused to such rough use, began to ache severely, and she felt she could go no further. But, it was dark, and she was frightened to death of thieves. She must drag herself to the station even if she died on the way, for, she could not be alone on that road in the middle of the night. Tired and foot-sore, she arrived at the Patna railway station in time to catch the early morning passenger to Benares. At last, she was safe in the train; in another four hours she would be in Benares. Now came the crux of the problem. Where was she to go? She pondered for a while, and suddenly it flashed to her mind that she could live with her widowed aunt in Benares, and from there seek for some employment.

In less than four hours, the train steamed into the Benares City station. With great trepidation she got out of the carriage and looked about her. Thrown amidst the crowd, she felt absolutely lost. Slowly she wended her way outside. She had never been to Benares before, and the streets were unfamiliar to her. Enquiring her way from every passer-by, she at last found the Navajivan Road, in which her aunt lived. So tired was she that she fell in a faint on the doorstep of her aunt's house. That lady, on

casually opening the door sometime later, found a young girl all dusty and begrimed lying unconscious at the entrance. Out of the compassion of her heart, she carried the girl into the house, and rendered first aid to her. It was nearly an hour before Radha recovered from her swoon. It was some time, therefore, before Sudevi recognized her sister's daughter, Radha, in the travel-stained stranger. Radha then fell at her aunt's feet, and begged to be protected from the cruel fate that was pursuing her. In a trice, Sudevi understood the position of her dear niece, and she promised to protect her for the sake of her dead sister. She was not a woman of means, but her job in the local Bhagini Seva Samaj kept the wolf from the door. As her niece was well-educated, she agreed to get her some work. Making use of her own influence, she procured the post of Head-Mistress in the Rani Kamala Bai's Girls' School for Radha in a few months time. Thus Radha and Sudevi maintained their self-respect, and in time grew to love each other dearly.

In the meantime, Nandkumar, when he came to know of his daughter's flight, took no steps to find out where she had gone. He had become relentless at the idea that she had disobeyed him, and so he did not care what happened to her. So months passed, and Radha never returned home. She had grown to love the work she had undertaken. Thoughts of Raman would now and again throw her into utter depair, but she consoled herself with the belief that he would one day come back to her.

While Radha was fighting her battle with fate, where was Raman, the man who had destroyed her faith in life and love? He, like many another man of his type, had his fling abroad, and then returned home after a long sojourn of four years. Time had changed him utterly. Radha was forgotten, although the vague memory of his courting days occasionally troubled his mind. But they were fleeting memories, and left no deep impression behind them. Like the man of the world that he was, he entered the Judicial Department. With his brilliant faculties, he rose to the top of his profession in about three years. The attractiveness of his position soon manifested itself in another way. Offers of marriage came pouring in from the anxious parents of marriageable daughters. Raman was caught in the net and before the year was out he was formally engaged to the eldest daughter of Rup Singh, an official holding a high position in the Police Department.

On the 30th of May 1932, the following notice in the local paper, "The Hindi Herald", caught the eye of Radha.

"A pretty wedding was solemnized at Saharanpur on the 25th May 1932, the contracting parties being Mr. J. M. Raman, M.A. I.C.S., the only son of Mr. J. Muralidhar, a retired lecturer of the University of Patna, and Miss Sunalini, the eldest daughter of Mr. Rup Singh, Police Commissioner of Meerut."

The paper dropped from Radha's hand, of if a thunderbolt had struck her. All that she had dreamt of had vanished in a trice. Life was over for her.

Next morning, Radha who was always an early riser, did not appear as usual. Greatly puzzled and anxious, her aunt, Sudevi, knocked at her door, but finding no answer to her repeated knocks, she burst it open. The sight that met her eyes pierced her to the soul. Her beloved child, Radha, arrayed in bridal attire, lay dead before a full length photograph of Raman. Radha was wedded to death. A bottle of poison lay beside her body. And in her hand lay a letter addressed to Raman. All that it said was "Goodbye, beloved. We shall meet an the other side of the grave. May God forgive you, as I forgive you now."

RADHA

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN

(1) Disabilities of Indian Women

(*a*) With the passing of the bill by the Cochin Legislative Council, defining and modifying the laws regarding the marriage, succession and management of estates among the Nambudiri Brahmins, some of the disabilities of Nambudiri women have been removed. The bill punishes polygamy, except where the wife has an incurable disease, or has not borne a child within ten years of her marriage, or has been labelled an out-caste. It also arranges for partition of estates according to groups, thus doing away with the old custom of limiting the property shares only to the descendants of the eldest son. It was noticeable that in almost all the discussions, a great part was taken by Srimathi Parvathi Nemmini-mangalam, the Nambubiri lady, who has broken purdah, and been admitted to the Council. She represented not only the women, but also the reformers among her community; and she was one of those who broke down the objections of orthodox Brahmins. Her intelligence and humour were of great use in carrying her points through. Her clever opposition of amendments, in fact, can be said to be partly instrumental in saving Nambudiri women from some of their miseries.

(*b*) The bill regarding the rights of inheritance of Hindu widows also seeks to remove another disability of Indian women. Even if it does not achieve the purpose intended by its proposer, Harbila Sarda, it has yet shown that legislation is very necessary to improve the condition of Indian women and especially of widows.

(c) In this connection, it would not be amiss to notice the discussion in England, regarding legislation to make married women responsible for their own debts. Since 1882, the wife in England has had complete control over her property; though at the same time she was said to be not responsible for debts incurred by herself. This was too much in favour of women, and, as the *Madras Mail* averred was an injustice, since it met the inequality of husband and wife in one respect, but not in another. They must be considered equal for all purposes. But that again would lead to difficulties. To quote the *Madras Mail*:

"In view of current and now long-accepted theories of the equality of the sexes, no remedy such as could be obtained by the repeal of the Married Women's Property Act can be contemplated. It would be the swiftest means of bringing about a feminist revolt. Extravagant wives, who overspend their dress allowances, must no longer be entitled (legally) to fall back upon their husbands' purses. That they will continue to do so in practices is certain. But, if husbands continue to be amiable, they will at least no longer be helpless. If they choose to put their feet down, the law will register their determination, and the self-indulgent wife be committed to prison, perhaps, on a judgment summons. But the matter is not likely to end there. To achieve complete equality, it will then be the turn of wives to take the offensive. The demand will arise for the establishment of a suitable scale of allowances. It would, therefore, appear to be unwise for husbands to express premature jubilation."

(*d*) The debate in the Punjab Legislative Council on the question of allowing women to serve on municipal and district boards, was interesting. There were some members, who actually objected to such inclusion, averring that it had been a mistake to allow women in the Legislature at all, and that women should give up their lives to their children. There were others, however, who we are glad, regretted such rigid opinions. As the *Hindu* said, it rested with each individual woman whether she took up public work or not. "There

are many public-spirited women who make excellent mothers, and it seems a pity that merely because of sex, a women should be debarred from serving her country on public bodies. In fact, the experience she may acquire in public affairs may help her to be a better mother at home. On the other hand, there is always the fear that a woman may forget her home in the excitement and stress of outside affairs. How ideal is the woman, however, who can serve both her country and her home without jeopardising the welfare of one for the sake of the other!"

Even in England, a committee has been appointed by the Foreign Secretary to review the question of admission of women to diplomatic and consular services. "The question whether women should be admitted to these services raises issues of high policy, which can only be determined by Government. We know the matter was reviewed by them at the time of the passing of the Sex Disqualification Removal Act. We think the question should not be regarded as settled for all time by the decision then reached. Having regard to time which has since elapsed, we recommend that Government should again examine the position at an early date."

Besides this, it is noticeable that it was proposed to debar women from entering the Civil services, on account of the increase of unemployment among men. Ceylon, however, has proved quite unique in actually proposing the inclusion of women in the public services. No favours or special privileges were proposed; but just equality was asked for. "If girls could be found who could be equal to men in an open competition, why should they not be allowed to enter the service? Their young women were making headway by leaps and bounds. He was not speaking of those who received an English education, but more particularly of those who received a purely Singhalese education. One of the objections raised against women was that no employment was suitable for them. They could be employed in Kacheries, or the Executive Committees might have women Secretaries." As for domestic duties for instance, "a time would come with the working of the Hydro-electric scheme, when the functions of rocking cradles could be performed by pressing a button." There were some, who opposed the motion on the ground that it was premature and would have really no results. But it was interesting to note that the suggestion was defeated by only one extra 'no'.

(*e*) It is noteworthy that, as mentioned in *the Hindu*, male exclusiveness seems to be breaking down about allowing women to compete with men in that game once so exclusive to men, *viz.*, billiards. To balance this, however, is the recent refusal to permit inclusion of women to tea in the rooms of the Union Society at Oxford. This refusal, however was taken by the Editor of one paper to be a good sign of the independence of the Oxford under-graduate, as he said:

"We do not demand the removal of women from our University: we are willing to allow them to remain. We look upon them neither as a menace to our morals nor as a brake upon our academic studies.

"All that we ask is that we should share with them equality of status. At present the scales are weighted scandalously against us. Women must give us back our privileges or else we must fling chivalry to the winds and fight the good fight with bare fists and all-in-tactics. John Commoner will not stand for it. He has taken the gloves off. Beware."

(2) The advance of Indian Women

(*a*) We see from the papers that the branches of the All-India Women's Conferences are going strong in the various places they have been established at. This is all to the good, for the more agents there are working for women's advance, the better. The dissemination of ideas serves two, nay three, purposes. It not only encourages the women; it also teaches the men not to stand in the way of feminine progress; besides which, it educates public opinion to expect progress. One is glad that the chief drawback of conferences, *viz.*, the over-riding of the practical by the theoretical, is

Mrs. HIRAWANTIBEN MANSUKHULAL DESAI, of Bombay, has donated Rs. 50,000 from the trust left by her late husband to the Arya Kumar Mahasabha of Baroda (The Young men's Aryan Association, Baroda), to conduct a Widow's Rescue Home known after the name of her husband, Seth Mansukhulal Widhwa Ashram.

She has given from the said Trust Fund 50,000 to the same Mahasabha (Arya Kumar Mahasabha) towards their building funds of Arya Kanya Mahavidyalaya (Aryan Girls' College,) and Songad Gurukal Vidyalaya (Boys' Boarding School).

[Photo by the S. N. A., Srirangam]

MISS SUBHADRABAI H. GOSALIA, who has come out successful in the M. B. B. S. examination of the Bombay University. She is the first lady of her community to pass this examination.

[Photo by the S. N. A., Srirangam]

being gradually obviated; for everywhere women are not only preaching, but trying to carry their dictums into practice.

Then again new clubs for women are being opened everywhere, while the old institutions are being strengthened and enlarged, providing, besides recreation grounds, a common platform for women of all ages, religions and strata of society, not only to discuss needed problems, but also to learn to live happy and useful lives. One is glad to notice that in modern days, the "re orientation" of women is being brought to the fore, which, to use the words of a leading Indian *lady*, avers that "they should rise from their long slumber and produce wives and mothers physically strong, mentally alert and acquisitive, and spiritually great, women of wisdom, purity and staid character, who will truly answer the description of *Griha dharmacharini* which was the pride and boast of every Indian woman. In such a way alone can the women of India forget their differences and bring to the help of their toiling men their own inmate wisdom and experience in the task of building up a great nation."

In this connection, it would be interesting to note the growth of the social reform movement, as narrated in a lecture by Mr. Ramaswamy Sivan in Madras. Actuated originally by the ideas of great men like Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Vidya Sagar and others, who were influenced by their contact with the West and worked against much opposition, a social reform Association was formed in Madras in 1892, at which important leaders took pledges among themselves to see to social purity and reform. Then came the Indian National Congress, started at first under the auspices of Government, and the annual Indian National Social Conferences. The Theosophical Society at the start was against this movement, but later helped it. So did the Sri Ramakrishna Mission, the Servants of India Society and various Samajas and Sabhas. Eventually, Mahatma Gandhi gave a great impetus to social reform by his appeal that political freedom should rest on social reform.

Thus, the present advance of Indian ociety is greatly due to the unselfish sacrifices of the early reformers; and, like them, all modern workers must be actuated by real sympathy for their fellow-beings.

Very recently, a speech was delivered by Mrs. F. Rustomji, Hon. Secretary of the All-India Women's Conference, in which she traced the progress of the A. I. W. C. The real start was in 1927, when Mrs. Cousins organised a conference of women in Poona, to consider educational problems. Led by the Maharani of Baroda and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, this branched out into an All-India organisation, starting an educational fund at first, and then including social reform in its programme.

Mrs. Rustomji appealed to the women of India to work against separate electorates. She said:

"We want no reservation of seats, we want no safeguards. We want to stand on our own legs; and, until we fight for this ourselves, until we work out our own salvation, no progress is possible. We women stand for the unity of the whole of India. Personally, I feel that the community which asks for separate electorates is only throttling itself. It is not going to work and it is not going to fight. I believe competition is a healthy sign, it will lead to the betterment of the people of the electorate, and separate electorates bar the way to all improvement."

(*b*) It is gratifying that a lady has been elected for the first time as a member of the Bangalore city municipality. She is Mrs. Ananda Bai, who began sometime ago to practise as an advocate in Madras. She lately went to Bangalore, where she was married, and where recently she was made a special magistrate on the Bangalore city bench court.

(*c*) We are glad to notice that Mrs. Subbaroyan has been requested to be a delegate to the Advisory Commission for protection and welfare of children and young people, to be held at Geneva in April. This is an honour, as this is the first time in which India is being represented at such a commission.

(*d*) The Madras Government has suggested to all local bodies the employment of women vaccinators. This is a step in the

right direction. As the President of a District Board said:

"While Hitler is asking women to go back to the kitchen, our Government is asking them to come forward for public service."

(*e*) The educational tour to East Africa of twenty girls from the Arya Kanya Maha Vidyalaya of Baroda, is a noteworthy proof of the freedom given to women in modern days. All under sixteen years of age, the girls were dressed actually in short trousers and shirts. Though open to adverse comment, such a costume, as Sarojini Naidu remarked, speaks well for Indian womanhood in a way. It shows, as the *Hindu* says, "the independence of mind which did not shrink from adopting a foreign-seeming costume, when it was found necessary to the active and free life in which the girls were being brought up." It is the ordinary wear of the Arya Vidyalaya however; and, in accordance with its austerity, the training of the inmates is very strict in every sort of discipline. The physical side is carefully attended to; drilling and *lathi* play being included.

(*f*) The International Student Service plans for a European tour for Indian women students and teachers, appear to be in the right direction. In these days of internationalism, our women do need to learn more from other countries, before they can do their best for India. The tour is a comprehensive one. Venice, Padua, Rome, Naples, Florence, Milan, Switzerland, London, Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, will all be seen. Some conferences will be attended, and many universities will be visited. We hope that many ladies will join this tour.

(*g*) We are pleased to note that in Mysore, emphasis was laid on the need for well-trained women teachers. Mr. Rajagopalachari was reported by the *Hindu* to have said: "The progress of women's education depended a great deal upon the quality and character of the teachers now available. It was very necessary that the education of young girls should be in the hands of people thoroughly competent and specially trained for the purpose."

In this respect, the Maharani's Women's Training College of Mysore was doing good work, having been in existence for nearly 25 years. Yet it was obvious a much larger number of teachers was needed than those trained in such colleges. Bigger buildings and more such institutions should be used. The courses of study also should be suitable for women, and well planned-out.

(*h*) Good advice was given in South Africa by Lady Maharaj Singh, as mentioned by the *Indian Social Reformer*: "Give the Indian women in your midst the same chance as they get in my country and see if you cannot find another poet like Sarojini Naidu," she said. She stressed the fact that one per cent of the Transvaal population was Indian; they had been there for three generations; they were decent and law-abiding; and yet their condition was very backward. They were called *coolies* or labourers, and were treated as such, living in miserable huts, and not even having primary education free for them. That was indeed a very unjust state of affairs.

(*i*) The foundation of a home for Girl-Guides at Bangalore is another step up in the progress of women. The Yuvarani of Mysore, while performing the ceremony, spoke of the value of the guide movement, and advised all guides to intensify their ideals of truth, loyalty and service.

(3) It is pleasant to hear views about life from some of our women, who have taken up Western ideas, yet are Eastern in character. *The Hindu* reports a few such.

Miss Khandwalla, the daughter of an old social reformer of Gujarat, has returned to Bombay, being in charge of a big social service centre there, and a Secretary of the Bombay Presidency Women Graduates' Union. Having graduated doubly from the Bombay University, she has spent two years and a half in America, taking her degree of M.A., and studying practical social science, not only in America, but also in some countries of Europe. The two special features of American life, which she thinks will be of the greatest use in India, are first a vital and optimistic

view of life, and second a realization of the dignity of labour. Such qualities lead to the discouragement of a belief in superstition and fatalism, and to a true democratic spirit, which makes people long to do educational and social work for others. Miss Khandwalla is, however, rather disappointed at the position of women in America, of which she says the best example is Russia.

In economics and politics, women are thought inferior to men in America, and are worked upon as a reserve force, which provides cheap labour. But, owing probably to the elasticity of the educational system, to the absence of University examinations, and the adoption of co-education, there is equality between the sexes, not only in marriage and in divorce, but also in education, which makes women very self-reliant and anxious to take to business, even when married. Such a state of affairs is very necessary in India.

Miss Selma Ekrem, "a modern woman of New Turkey,"—educated at Istambul and now a professor at Stambool University, went to America last year as a delegate of the International meeting of women at the Chicago world's fair. She approves of the change of her country from monarchy to a republic, and is a great admirer of Mustapha Kemal, the President. The incorporation of the correct Western ideas and European nationalism with true Moslem philosophy, and the economic emancipation of Turkey are "going hand-in-hand with political liberation." "Our biggest problem now is to oppulate a country of vitally rich resources, just awakening to manifold possibilities. Illiteracy has been wiped out;" "the old religious fanaticism has lost its importance in public life;" and there is a complete absence of the liquor problem among the good Moslems. Added to all this, is the awakening of Turkish womanhood, in which our heroine, having *broken purdah* took a great part, as narrated in her book "*Unveiled,*" which was published in 1930.

Mrs. W. C. Datta, who was before her marriage Miss Comalatha Banerji, is a fine Bengali composer, who has studied both the Indian and the European systems of music. She had the benefit of the advice of Madame Pavlova, by whom she was asked to compose music for her ballot "*Oriental impressions*." She affirms that it is not at all correct that the Indian system should be adapted to Western harmony, for that made it a cheap imitation. "The only way to keep the purity of the *ragas* is to utilise them in Western combinations," as Indian melodies, not as harmonised pieces. If this were done properly, Europeans could also enjoy Indian music. Mrs. Datta is now in Europe, giving a series of recitals, with the view to develop this mutual understanding of international music.

(4) We are glad to find from *the Hindu* that a suitable memorial has been framed to the memory of Florence Nightingale. A world-wide scheme for scholarships has been opened for higher nurses' studies at Bedford College, London, added to which is a hostel for the nurse-students to live in. If women from India are to participate, a sum of about Rs. 4,500 every year for the next three or four years, will have to be sent from our country; and we hope that Indians will contribute largely to this noble enterprise.

(5) The death of Miss Mary Pickford has removed a great worker for women. As we know, she came to India as a member of the Select Committee to enquire into the Franchise question. She was unquestionably on the side of the women of India, even while she was moderate in her views. *A colleague in the Select Committee* speaks of her thus: "As one who was her neighbour on the Select Committee during many months of relentless work, I pay a humble sorrowful tribute to the memory of a patriotic, able, great-hearted English woman."

Lord Lothian spoke of her "immense industry, sympathy and good judgment."

Miss Pickford, as reported in the *Hindu* was the daughter of the late Lord Sterndale, and was educated at Wycombe Abbey

School, and at Margaret Hall, Oxford. She helped to prepare the Official Naval history of the Great War, and was a member of the Malcolm Committee in education, in relation to Industry. She was also Technical Adviser to Government delegates at the International Labour Conferences at Geneva in 1927 and 1928. In 1929, she was made C. B. E., and became member of Parliament for 1931.

Thus, the women both of India and England, have lost a good friend by the death of this well-known public worker.

FASHION NOTES

(a) The care of the hair

"If a woman has long hair, it is a glory to her," said St. Paul; and such a dictum can be true in the modern world, even if we leave out the word 'long.' Bobbed or left long, the hair is one of the beauties of women, and therefore, to produce lustre, luxuriance and softness, it must be carefully looked after. *The Parents' Magazine* tells us that *vitamines and hormones* have much to say about the state of health necessary to ensure beautiful hair. To aid such, proper rest, exercise and diet are necessary. The hair also should be washed once a week, care being taken to see that the shampoo most suitable to the individual is used; and after the shampoo, the hair should be properly rinsed with water. Dandruff should be eliminated by the use of careful salves, It should be noted that dry hair needs an oil shampoo once at least every month. Such a thing is very common among Indians, especially in Malabar and Travancore, where often the most luxuriant hair is found. An oil bath is taken every day; yet I hope I shall not offend if I say that sometimes the improper elimination of oil after a bath, causes too much sleekness and greasiness. What is the use of a bath if the oil is not removed, and what is the use of constant and lavish oiling? *The Parents' Magazine* advises that a little lemon juice or vinegar added to the water will remove all the oil.

A daily massage with a good hair tonic, oily or otherwise, with very little alcohol in it, stimulates the hair glands and refreshes the scalp. The brush also should be daily used, softly and gently, to cleanse the hair and free it from dust. Combs and brushes should be kept clean and sweet, and the hair should not be covered too much, but should be exposed to sunlight.

The modern methods of permanent or frequent waving must be used carefully, and dyes should be avoided.

(b) National dress

Dr. Daw Saw Sa, who is a woman delegate from Burma to the Joint Select Committee, remarked as mentioned in the *Hindu*, on the difference between English and Burmese women in more respects than one. After talking about the graceful walk of the latter, even in a land where men and women have always been equal, as opposed to the man-like walk of English women, she talked about Burmese fashions and remarked on their permanency. She said, "Fashions change every five minutes in England, but in Burma, well, look at this dress I am wearing. It is an exact copy of the dress that I came to England in twenty years ago—that is what fashion means in Burma. It seldom changes. We never wear hats—perhaps that accounts for it. Hats are the most fickle things in an English-woman's wardrobe. In Burma, a parasol is all we need."

Dr. Saw Sa then emphasised the unsuitability of European clothes for Eastern women. "Burmese women will never wear English fashions. They have a sense of humour, and realise that Japanese, Chinese and other Eastern women, who wear European clothes look ridiculous.

Western hats and short skirts would not suit a Burmese woman as her traditional dress does."

I wish the same could be said of India. No doubt, the Indian woman never gives up her sari; but how often does she change the fashion of it, or its accompaniments, in accordance with European fashion. Changes in the bodice of various kinds, fashions in footwear and in coiffeur, alterations in the style of the sari, often detract from the grace of the Indian woman's dress, sometimes even looking ridiculous. There must be something, however, said for the introduction of convenient arrangement, which is very needed in modern days of bustle and business. At the same time, as Dr. Saw Sa said, it is not essential that too much time should be spent on dress. "The most amazing thing to me is how business and professional women in England manage to spend so much time on dress. Sometimes I think that if they spent less time on dress, they would have more time to think of serious matters."

A TALK ON CHILD MARRIAGE

(By an Observer)

"Are you going to Lakshmi's wedding," asked Rohini of me, one day.

"Why, is she to be married?" I asked, rather astonished. "She is so young, she doesn't look more than nine or ten years. Surely you must be wrong"

"On the contrary, I'm quite right," answered my friend, "because I received the invitation only this morning. Lakshmi looks just about ten; but I heard her mother tell some one the other day that she was fifteen."

"Oh, I see," was my reply. "That's one of the tricks of the trade to avoid the Sarda Act. Of course, no one would dare contradict or disbelieve a renowned lady like Lakshmi's mother, and so the Act is just coolly and calmly broken. What's the use of legislation at all?"

"Not much use in this case," said Rohini.

"Unless public opinion is educated to see the gross injustice of sacrificing little girls on the altar of matrimony, things won't improve very much."

"But Lakshmi's mother is an educated lady, and well-known for advocating Social Reform. Why, I have heard her condemning Child-Marriage herself to Europeans, and now she dares to get her own small daughter married."

"My dear friend," was Rohini's laconic answer, "few people practise what they preach. All parents suffer under the same fear of having their daughters left on their hands if they don't dispose of them early. Besides, Lakshmi's mother has really done well this time. She has got hold of an I. C. S., a widower, it is true; but still a very eligible man. And do you know what the dowry is? About ten thousand, they say, so both sides are doing well."

"Has Lakshmi ever seen this man before?"

"No never; but that's only a detail. She must take her parents' word for gospel truth that he is a fine man. If their tastes and her's differ, it is her misfortune."

"Poor thing," said I, "it seems a pity to take her away from school so soon. She is such a happy cheerful little thing. I expect domestic responsibilities will weigh heavily on her in future, and a mother-in-law be added to her troubles."

"Well, she won't leave her parents' house for yet a bit; but she is leaving school. What I cannot understand is that, in spite of the sad example of Lakshmi's elder sister, who was left a widow at 16 and will never be married again, Lakshmi's mother is willing to sacrifice her second

daughter. However, let's hope things will turn out better in this case. It is getting late, and I must go now. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Rohini, thank you for coming to see me, and I hope you will enjoy being present at Lakshmi's wedding."

OBSERVATIONS

(1) Camping

Miss Hannah Barth, a well-known leader of a *Peace and Youth movement* in Germany, has given us in the *Modern Review*, a pleasant account of camp. During their two months holidays, a number of young people wanted to find both recreation and education in some cheap adventure, suitable to a mixture of nationalities. They decided that that adventure was '*camp.*' About 76 people started in two groups, travelling in waggons like soldiers, with all the camp paraphernalia, among which were included a few bicycles for shopping and urgent messages. On the way, all the articles of food were clubbed together and divided fairly. The camp site was selected with (1) drinking water near by (2) a bathing place, (3) adjacent roads to the villages or the town (4) a nice meadow or woods (5) and yet away from noise and traffic. Then the camp was built; everyone worked together happily; and everyone had contributed to the outfit. A kitchen was built with a wonderful hearth. Tents were pitched. There was a special one for a good library and reading-room with a type-writer in evidence. There were also medicines of various sorts. A play-ground was prepared for gymnastics and games of many kinds. A leader for the whole camp was selected, under whom were sub-leaders, a boy and a girl, for every tent. The work everyday was done by relays of five persons, which changed every two days. Lectures and discussions of various kinds were organised. The following was something of the order of the day: "Wakening at 6 o'clock: gymnastics in the sporting-ground; washing; breakfast (consisting of cocoa and bread), sports; reading, singing, music-playing (guitar); lecture (political economical or a historical one); discussion dinner (most simple, one dish; everyone had brought a bowl of aluminium and a spoon); amusement, tours on bicycle; discussions again; supper (tea, bread and butter); talking; sleep at 10 or 11: now and then being on guard."

I wish our Indian young people could get together and organise camps like the above. A healthy life in the sun and the open air, experience in so many new things, friendship with so many new people, tuition in so many new subjects,—how valuable would such be! There are sure to be quarrels, discussions and arguments. There will be unnecessary talk about the clubbing together of boys and girls. But all such can be slowly surmounted. The essential thing is that there should be tactful organisers; yet such should not rule the camp completely. Much must be left to the judgment of the lads and lasses, who should be made comparatively independent. They are sure to prove themselves worthy of the trust put in them.

(2) Japanese women

The Hindu mentions the various activities of Japanese women, as noticed in "*Present-day Japan.*" A great interest has been taken in woman sufferage, besides which legal amendments have been demanded, such as (*a*) elimination of the provision regarding the incompetency of wives, (*b*) equality between man and wife in legal reasons for divorce, (*c*) expansion of mothers' prerogatives and dual parental authority, and other propositions, (*d*) suggestions before the Diet on the law of Lady Lawyers, Law of Prevention of

Cruelty to Children and Child Protection law. (*e*) Bills for Natural Children, Co-education and Bills for Prohibition and the Abolition of Licensed Prostitution. Besides this, the education of girls was sought to be brought up to that of boys. Moreover certain wrongs were eliminated, such as the dismissal of female employees to make room for men. A great movement in Japan is that towards city purification, for which the *Tokyo Female City Purification League* was started. The *fish-market* problem and a *Dust-decreasing* movement were some of the activities worked on. The latter was "directed toward home circles under the conviction that dust could be decreased considerably by the hand of women. The association has found by experiment that one-third of the dust can be decreased by a light care on the part of housewives and one million *yen* can be saved by the cities of Japan. In Osaka City alone twenty lecture meetings on the subject were held during a month, by various Ladies' Societies."

(3) Some Modern Women leaders

Mrs. Cousins has given an interesting survey of some outstanding women personalities of to-day, in the *Stri-Dharma*. The first lady she mentions is *Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt*, who has led the women's sufferage cause in the United States and elsewhere. Though she has presided over wonderful movements in New York, Berlin, Geneva and Paris, she yet chose India as one of the first countries to be helped towards reform; and we are told that the financial contribution of her associations for five years was one of the agencies which worked out the enfranchisement of Indian women.

In contrast to Mrs. Catt, who is "a plodding constitutionalist," "a militant rebel" is *Alice Paul*. Yet she is a woman of quiet power, a Quaker, who, without speaking in public or holding public office, yet dominates women's movements towards advance in the United States, aiming at making the American constitution remove the special clauses, which are against women's rights. She has always, however, agitated for equal rights for women, not only in America, but in other countries as well, and is an ex-member of the International Committee for India.

Of the same militant type, yet of a different character, is *Margaret Sanger*, "who strikes sparks from her radio-active personality." For twenty years, she has struggled in the cause of birth-control, working chiefly as an individual, though she has helped some organizations also. Her chief aim is to repeal the law of the United States, which punishes the dissemination of birth-control knowledge.

Miss Francis Grant, Secretary of the Roerich institutions, works in the interests of *World-Peace*. Her aim is to make her "Banner of Peace," as world-powerful as the Red Cross Banner, keeping intact from destruction all objects of beauty, such as museums, libraries, universities, art galleries, and thus making culture the chief component of civilization.

Mrs. E. Pethick Lawrence has been co-leader with the late Mrs. Pankhurst, of the suffrage movement in England. For fourteen years she worked hard at achieving adult women sufferage and succeeded. Since then, though old, she helps in other movements for freedom, and actually presided at "India Day in Geneva."

Madame Vergara comes from Chile in S. America and firmly stands for advanced views on equal rights for women in nationality.

Doctor Rosa Welt Straus leads the Jewish Women's League for equal rights. Though over seventy years of age, she was one of the delegates of the All-Asian Women's Conference, at the women's committees of the League of Nations. She has succeeded in winning equal franchise from Jewish women in local Government.

Madame Nour Hamida of Damascus is one of the leaders of women's interests in the near East. She is an Arab and a Mohammadan, and has thrown off the veil. She organised Oriental Conferences of women, at Damascus (Syria), Baghdad

(Iraq), and Teheran (Persia), and tries to unite women of different creeds and races into one entity, which can agitate for the removal of grievances and evil customs.

Another such leader is *Madame Nasik Abed Beyhum,* who is also an Arab. 'She has led not only her women forward, but has also worked like any man for the political freedom of her empire, actually fighting in her army like an ordinary soldier. She is an Honorary Colonel of the Arab army, though she is married. She helped largely in aiding the children of the soldiers who had fallen in the war against the Turks, and has also tried to inaugurate new scientific methods of agriculture on her own farm.

A notable woman, though below the public standard of the ladies mentioned above, as noted in the *Hindu,* is Miss Marie Polinsky, who is the first winner of a scholarship awarded to a Jewish *woman of worth.* This phrase, corresponding to the Jewish, " Eshet Hayil," was used by two Manchester Jews to choose out Jewish women of culture and learning, in contrast to " beauty queens.'' Mr. Sunlight, one of these gentlemen, has even set to music the passage from Proverbs about such women.

One must not forget the famous flying women of the modern period, led by *Amelia Earhart* and *Amy Johnson.* It is to be noticed, that the first woman to gain a pilot's license was Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, who was one of the rather looked-down-upon Victorian women. It must not be forgotten, that a Victorian woman was also the first to drive a car, such as it was in the old days, and also the first to war with the police for her rights. She has also driven trains, tractors and used ploughing machines during the war-era. " It is not their fault,'' says the *Madras Mail,* " if the Edwardian and Georgian women have not had the opportunity to be pioneers in such inventions as motoring and flying, and no one in his senses wants a war in which the younger women may show their daring. But, with all the pioneering done for them and all the freedom won, are they not rather a lazy lot, and are not many of them inert and afraid of responsibility? If youth is such an advantage, they could surely, with all the other advantages gained for them by the Victorian women, be forging ahead in every new direction. But instead, every month sees some advantage lost, some profession reclosed to them, some failure to keep what has been gained."

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) Her First Poem

(A STORY)

PART II—ANOTHER EFFORT

Yamuna was nineteen now, and in College. She was doing well, expecially in English, and her compositions were usually read aloud in class as being the best. She had a passionate thirst for reading poetry; but, since her first adventure seven years ago, when she had so enthusiastically read her poem, " the Beggar Maid," to her mother, and had been told that it was " not good," she had never attempted writing verse again. It seemed an impossibility with her now even to attempt the rhyming of two lines, so fixed was her idea that she could never write poetry.

Engrossed in her college career, she did not give much thought to her inability to write poetry. Prose was now good enough for her, and she spent a great deal of her time writing perfect little compositions in class. It was not surprising, therefore, that one evening, when a general election was held in the Hostel for appointing a New Editor for the College Magazine, that Yamuna was unanimously elected. She was surprised to hear the result of the

election, for she had never expected to be Editor; but she was none the less pleased, and determined to make a mark in her first journalistic adventure.

The days went by, and it was soon time to send in the MSS to the press. With elaborate care and great trouble, Yamuna had collected a good selection of articles: but poetry she felt, was lacking. She needed one or two poems to be interpersed between the prose; but how and where was she to get them? Then, suddenly, an idea struck her—an idea of a moon-beam dancing on the wild, wild waves, flashing like a diamond on a velvet sea—and, without her being aware of it, she started writing verse once again. The inspiration had come to her during a dull mathematics lecture, and, instead of listening to the weary words of the professor, she bent her head over her desk and wrote line after line. At the end of her lecture, her poem was ready, and with trepidation she took it to the Professor in charge of the college magazine and showed it to her.

"Why," said the Professor, "this is rather good. Yes, certainly it can be published."

Oh joy! Yamuna's elation knew no bounds. That one of her poems should appear in print seemed a miracle; but it was true nevertheless; for a month later, it appeared in print, and proudly she sent a copy of her poem home to her mother, waiting anxiously for her opinion. A letter came in two days, saying the poem was not bad, but slight, and that Yamuna would probably never be a very good poetess.

Disillusionment again; but this time, Yamuna did not desolve into tears. Instead, she determined to improve, and to keep on trying.

P. S.

(2) Our letter to our young people

DEAR CHILDREN,

Have you ever realised how important reading is in the shaping of one's character, especially the books you read when you are young? It is the present fashion for children to read any books they can lay hands on. Sentimental sloppy novels are becoming very popular with school children, and interest in such wonderful books as Swiss Family Robinson, the Jungle books, Alice in Wonderland, Peter Pan and Wendy and the innumerable other books that girls and boys ought to love, are being discarded for undesirable ones. It is a pity; for you have no idea how you will enjoy these books when you do read them.

I knew of a girl once, who religiously kept a list of all the books she read, and her mother had chosen her books so carefully for her, that this list became quite an authority in after years for other grown-ups.

You should each ask your parents to take a special interest in your reading. Ask them to buy you books or choose them from the library. Let them guide you until you are about 15 or 16 and then you will have formed such a good foundation that your choice of books in after years will be ideal.

There are some people who dislike reading. I wonder if any of you are like that. It must be rather terrible not to want to read. How can such a person be entertained? One cannot go on talking all the time, or playing games all the time. If any of you have a tendency not to like reading, give it up at once, take up some interesting book, and try to get absorbed in it.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Modern furniture fashions

There is a tendency in modern times for houses to become smaller. Even in India, where, a few years ago, large houses reposed majestically within huge spacious compounds; today, small houses are springing up in these very gardens, cramping the space, and stifling the atmosphere Although this seems a pity, it cannot be helped, for city life is becoming hectic, and there seem to be more inhabitants today than there were hitherto.

To suit these small houses and flats, furniture is also being built on more convenient lines. In a speech made rec ntly at the British Fashion and Fabrics Bureau, the President, referring to modern fashions said that in the coming century houses and flats would be so small and movable, furniture so scarce, that a family could be transportable in one pantechnicon. All the essential furniture such as wardrobes, dressing tables, etc., would be fixed in the house and belong to the landlord.

This does not mean, however, that there is a tendency in modern times to destroy individual tastes. Good furniture today, is much more in demand than in olden days. The furniture in a recent exhibition of the Maurice Adams show rooms in Granville Place, London, all shows simple lines; but not too modern. As the *Times of India* says:

"Some very beautiful woods are used for it, and with them an extraordinary number of jolly fabrics, decorative linens from Ireland and woven materials from Scotland, for instance, and Scottish checks in bright colours are freely used for chair and sofa covering. Some of the woven fabrics have heavy textures with a warm, fleecy look, and others have a kind of snowflake effect.

"There is a £50 lounge, a £75 bedroom, and so on; and it is claimed that the maximum saving is effected by the purchase of a complete 'group' room. For example, the £50 lounge—which is in a restful scheme of coral, beige and buttercup—contains two easy chairs, a settee, a trolley table with a glass top, and a bookcase with side shelves. All that furniture is in Australian walnut. In the bedroom, which is very gay, many space-saving ideas have been cleverly used. In fact, all through this exhibition there is a good deal of 'dual purpose' furniture, such as a desk fitted with shelves for books at the back."

PADDY

NEEDLE-WORK NOTES

BY KANAKAMMA

(1) A Needlecase from an old Christmas Card.

Here is a good use for old Christmas Cards.

Select a pretty celluloid double card—any size, remove the inner pages.

Procure bits of white or coloured gauze or other flannel, the size of the card; clip the edges all round.

Fold in centre, and sew to the middle of the card like a note book. Tie a bit of twisted silk or a tiny ribbon round the centre as in Xmas Cards.

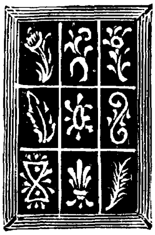
(2) Patch-work Counterpane.

Here is another use for odd bits of material left from garments.

Select and cut equal sizes of remnants of silk and cotton material, plain and flowered,

preferably all coloured. Using your discretion and according to individual taste, arrange and sew the bits together to the width and length of the desired counterpane. Then choose for the back a somewhat thick, plain silk, or cotton coloured material, slightly wider and longer than the patched counterpane.

Sew this to the sides of the counterpane, top, and bottom similarly, and neatly work in at the corners. The lining thus forms a sort of border as well. Iron flat.



(3) Darning a Stocking

The hole must be made ready, by cutting away carefully the frayed edges. Then turn it on the wrong side and stretch over a gently rounded surface. Starting from the left-hand from before the hole, work the warp, with a long thin needle, with mending of the same colour and thickness as the stocking; run up and down the length of the hole, starting a little higher and lower, and leaving loops at the end of each row and working without puckering. Increase the length till the hole, then work in same length along the hole, and again lessen beyond the hole. The work then should be turned sideways, start the weft at the left hand at the lower corner, keeping the same distance from the hole as in the warp, and take up alternately the warp rows. At the other side of the hole, go up the same space over the edge of hole, as below, and turn, leaving a loop at end of row. Thus, there is a close lattice-work of threads. All the loose stitches at any of the edges should be carefully slipped through the needle. Sometimes, two or three threads of the warp may be taken up instead of one. In a large hole, a light foundation of cotton threads may be laid across before the darning.

Sometimes, the darn can be in the form of a square.

Often what is called "a Jocob's Ladder" is found in a stocking, when a stitch is cut and slips for row after row. After turning the stocking on the wrong side, the dropped stitch should be picked up, while without pulling at the thread, and with loops at the ends used, the darn can be mended as before, working some distance further than the ladder on all sides.

Sometimes, a new piece has to be put into a worn heel, or a worn place. This means either knitting in the new bit carefully, or a patch. For this, first the hole must be cut square, evenly, and a row of loops laid bare all along, by picking out threads. Then with fine cotton of the same shade, button-hole the edges of the hole. Then, cut evenly a patch from another worn stocking of the same kind; it should be left a little longer than the hole. Then button-hole the edges of this also. Lay the stocking and the piece on the right side over the fingers, with the loops exactly over each other; put the needle through 2 loops of the one above from below and then the two opposite loops below, from the same direction. This should be continued till the end is reached on 3 sides. Then turn the stocking on the wrong side, and seam the edges over by the tops of the button-hole stitches. Re-turn the stocking, and fit in the fourth side exactly, and graft in, then over-seam as before.

Very often a thin place has to be strengthened. This can be done as for the darning in the same oval shape, taking up one loop and leaving out another alternately.

(Edited from *The Woman's Book.*)

COOKING RECIPES

(1) Tea Cake

Ingredients

8 oz. flour,	½ cup of milk,
8 oz. sugar,	2 teaspoons Essence of Vanilla,
8 oz. butter,	¼ teaspoon baking powder.
4 eggs,	

Preparation

Break the eggs and separate the yolks from the whites. Put the yolks, sugar and butter into a large, clean bowl, and with a potato or *dhall* masher, rub briskly till smooth and light.

Mix the baking powder in the flour and sift it. Remove the masher from the mixture, and stir in the flour little by little and mix well with a tablespoon. Pour in the milk and mix thoroughly. Then add the essence of Vanilla.

Line a cake tin with white greased paper. Drop and fill in the mixture to an inch or two from the top, and bake in a slow oven.

(2) Fruit Stew

Ingredients

12 apricots,	1½ tablespoonful of sugar,
1 egg,	2 plantains.
1 cup of milk,	

Preparation

Wash the apricots, and put them with the sugar in a vessel and boil in a tumblerful of water.

Meanwhile beat the egg, the yolk and white together, and mix in the milk. When the apricots are half-cooked, take the vessel off the oven, pour the syrup into the beaten egg and milk, stir well, pour it back into the vessel, and cook again on a slow fire till the custard thickens slightly—stir all the time.

Remove the skins from the plantains cut into slices ¼ or ½ inch thick, and drop into the mixture. Bring down from the oven immediately.

(3) Ginger Squash

Scrape and wash bits of fresh ginger. Smash in a grinder, put into a vessel and boil in a cup of water. When concentrated and reduced to half the quantity, remove, strain, and add to lemon juice, about 2 tumblersful, made in the ordinary way.

The quantity of ginger may be varied according to individual taste.

Very good for digestion.

Tastes like ginger ale.

K.

(4) Ginger Lozenges

Put 4 lbs. sugar with 4 gills of water in a saucepan and boil, stirring all the time, till the dropping from a spoon in water forms a soft solid. Then take the vessel down and add 2 oz. powdered ginger. Stir till the sweet thickens, pour on a flat tin, covered with greased paper. When cold, cut into neat tablets.

(5) Peppermint Tablets

Mix 2 lbs. icing sugar with the white of two eggs and 2 table-spoons of water, working the mass into soft paste. Add a few drops of oil of peppermint. Roll the mixture on a board sprinkled with icing sugar. Cut out into rounds about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, with a knife dipped in castor sugar. Place until dry on a sheet of white paper, sprinkled with the same sugar.

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6. Miss Meenakshi, Tellichery
7. The M. K. K. Gandhi library and Parsee Rustumjee Hall Committee. Africa

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TO LET

డాక్టర్ ఆనందబాయ్ జోషీ చరిత్ర

హైందవస్త్రీ ఆడుకొనుటకు తగు బొమ్మయనిగాని లేక నలుగురికి సేవచేయు ఒక పనికత్తెయనిగాని అనేకులు తలచెదరు. అయితే ఆనందబాయి జోషీ చరిత్ర చూచినచో స్త్రీల క్షేమముకొరకై తమ ప్రాణములను పెట్టుటకనేకస్త్రీలు సిద్ధముగానుండి దేశనాయకులుగా నుండుటకు వెమకతీయరైరియని కనబడుచున్నది. గనుక అట్టి దురభిప్రాయమున కవకాశమేమియులేదు. జోషీయమ్మగారి దినములలో స్త్రీలు ఏమాత్రమైనను బైటకు వచ్చి తమ అభిప్రాయమును కనపరచినయెడల నలుగురు నవ్వి వారిని నిందించుచు వచ్చిరి. ఆమె స్వాభావికముగా భిడియస్థురాలు; మరియు శరీర విషయమై దుర్బలురాలని చెప్పవచ్చును. అయినప్పటికి తాను ఏర్పరచుకొనిన త్రోవను త్రొక్కనెప్పటికి వెరువక యుండెను. ఇందువలన ఒక సంగతి విశదమగుచున్నది. అదేమనిన స్వాభావికముగాని స్త్రీకిగల మృదుత్వముతో కనుసహానముతోను, ఇదివరకు పురుషలక్షణములని యెంచబడుచున్న తెలివి, సామర్థ్యత, శక్తి, పట్టుదల, స్థిర బుద్ధి, మొదలగునవి యేకీభవించిన స్త్రీ సాంప్రదాయ మన్నివిధముల నభివృద్ధి చెందుననునదియే.

ఈ మహనీయురాలు స్వప్రసిద్ధురాలైన పండిత రామాబాయికి బంధువురాలైన మహారాష్ట్రదేశపు స్త్రీయై యుండెను. ఆమె పూర్వికులలో నొకడు బందిపోటు దొంగలలో నొకడై పునహా పట్టణమందు చాలా భూములను తన నాయకునికి చేసిన సేవకుగాను ఇనాముగా సంపాదించుకొనెను. ఆమె 1865 సం॥ పుట్టెను. ఆమె తండ్రి బొంబాయి నగరమందు భూస్వామియగు గణపతిరావుజోషీ. ఆమె తాతగారికి పునహాలో భూములుండెను. ఆమె నామధేయము ఈ పేరు గంగానది కుపనదియయిన యమునానదిని పట్టి వచ్చినది. యమునాబాయి, బాలికగా నున్నప్పుడే ఆమె తెలివి తేటలను జూచి అందరు ఆమెను ప్రేమించిరి. తండ్రి ఆమెను నెత్తి పెట్టుకొనుట ఆశ్చర్యముకాదు. ఆమెకును తన తండ్రికివలె విగ్రహారాధనయందు నమ్మికపోయెను. బాల్యమందు ఆమెకొక స్వప్నము కలిగెనట. అందులో తన వంశమునకు మూలపురుషుడైన యొక నామెకు దర్శనమిచ్చి తన బంధువర్గములో ఆమెయందే తన జీవమును శక్తియును పునరుత్పత్తియైనవని తెలిపెనట. ఐదు సంవత్సరముల ప్రాయమున గోపాలవినాయక జోషీయను ఒక బంధువునివద్ద సంస్కృత విద్యాభ్యాసము చేయసాగెను. అయితే మూడు సంవత్సరములలో ఆయనను అవి బాగుకు మార్చివేసిరి. అప్పుడు తన చదువు మానివేయవలసి యుండునని, పాపము, యమునాబాయి చాలా జడిసెను. ఆమె తల్లికి యమునాబాయి చదువుకొనుట ఏమాత్రమును నష్టములేకపోయెను. ఇప్పుడు ఆమెకు వివాహము చేయవలెనని తల్లి పట్టుపట్టెను. బాల్యవివాహము సద్ధర్మమేయని దలచెనుగాని యమునాబాయియొక్క అవ్వ సమయానికి సహాయమునకువచ్చి ఆమెను అవి బాగుకు తీసుకొనిపోయి మరియొక సంవత్సరము చదువుకొనుటకు అవకాశము కలుగజేసెను. అయితే అంతలో అవ్వగారు గ్రామాంతరము వెళ్లవలసి వచ్చినందున యమునాభాయిని తొమ్మిది సంవత్సరముల బాలప్రాయమునందే ఆమె యుపాధ్యాయునకిచ్చి వివాహముచేసిరి. అప్పుడు మహారాష్ట్రదేశపు ఆచారముచొప్పున ఆమెకు ఆనందబాయని క్రొత్తపేరు పెట్టిరి. తరువాత ఆమె భర్తను కచ్చికి బదలాయించిరి. ఆమెయును అక్కడికి వెళ్లెనుగాని అక్కడి జనులయొక్క అజ్ఞానమును మూఢభక్తియును జూచి సంతోషముగా నుండజాలకపోయెను. ఆమెకు సుమారు 13 సంవత్సరముల వయస్సు వచ్చినప్పుడు ఒక శిశువు కలిగి చనిపోయెను. కొద్దిదినములే బ్రతికిపోయిన తన శిశువునుగూర్చి చింతించుచు అట్టి బాల్యమరణము తగు వైద్యచికిత్స జరుగనందువలన కలిగెనని గ్రహించి, హిందూదేశమునందు స్త్రీలు వైద్యసేవచేయుట అత్యావసరమని రూఢిచేసుకొనెను. కొంత ఆలోచనచేసినమీదట తానే వైద్యము నేర్చుకొనుటకు నిశ్చయించుకొనెను. అంతలో ఆమె భర్తను బొంబాయి పట్టణమునకు మార్చివేసిరి. ఆయన టపాలకచ్చేరియందు ఉద్యోగస్థుడుగా నుండెను. ఆయన తన భార్యయొక్క అభిలాషకు సమ్మతించి అమెరికా దేశములో ఆమె సంకల్పము నెరవేరుటకు పరిస్థితులను కూలము గాగలవని అచ్చట ఆమెతోగూడా తానును వెళ్లుటకు నిశ్చయించుకొనెను గాని తానుఎరిగిన కొంతమంది

అమెరికా దేశపు మిషనెరీలను కొంత ద్రవ్యసహాయము నడుగగా వారు సమ్మతింపకపోయిరి. చివరకు ఏదోవిధముగా రోజెల్ పట్టణములో నివసించుచున్న కార్పెంటరనే యొక మహనీయురాలు ఆమె యభిలాషను తెలుసుకొని యామె కొకజాబు వ్రాసెను. ఆనందబాయి బొంబాయి నగరమందు ఒక మిషనెరి పాఠశాలలో చదువుకొనుచుండెనుగాని అక్కడ కొంతమంది మిషనెరీలు అన్యమతముల ఎడలజూపు అసహత్వమునకు చింతించుచుండెను. 1881 సంవత్సరమున ఆమె భర్తయైన గోపాలవినాయక జోషీని కలకత్తా నగరమునకు బదలాయించిరి. తరువాత సింగపూరునకు వెళ్లవలసివచ్చెను. అక్కడి శీతోష్ణ పరిస్థితులు సరిపడక భార్యభర్తలిరువురికి దేహమందు కొంచెము జబ్బుచేసెను.

కార్పెంటరమ్మగారికిని ఆనందబాయికిని మధ్య జరుగుచువచ్చిన ఉత్తరప్రత్యుత్తముల పర్యవసాన మేమనిన చివరకు అమెరికా దేశమునకు రమ్మని ఆనందబాయిని కోరిరి. అయితే ఆమెభర్త ఆమెతో వెళ్లుట తటస్థపడకపోయెను. స్నేహితులద్వారా అన్ని యేర్పాట్లు చేయించుకొని 1883వ సంవత్సరమున సాహసించి ఆమె ఆంగ్లేయ అమెరికా దేశములను చూచుటకుగాను ప్రయాణమైపోయెను. అట్టి దేశములకు వెళ్లిన అగ్రజాతి స్త్రీలలో ఈమెయే ప్రథమ స్త్రీ యని చెప్పవచ్చును. కొన్నిమాసములు తన స్నేహితురాలగు కార్పెంటరమ్మతో గడపి ఆమె సుగుణములను చూచి మిగుల సంతసించెను. పరదేశమందుండినను ఆనందబాయి హిందూస్త్రీ ధర్మములను విడువకయుండెను. ప్రతిదినము తన ఆచారప్రకారముగా దైవారాధనచేయుచు నొసటియందు తప్పక బొట్టుపెట్టుకొనుచు స్వదేశవస్త్రములనే ధరించుచు కూరగాయల భోజనమునేచేయుచు కాలము గడపెను. ఫిలడెల్ఫియా అను నగరమందు స్త్రీల వైద్య కళాశాల యందు ఆమె చేరి వైద్య విద్యాభ్యాసము చేసుకొన ప్రారంభించెను. దానికి అధ్యక్షురాలగు డాక్టర్ రేచల్ బాడ్లీ అను ఆమె ఆనందబాయియెడల చాలా దయజూపెను. ఆమె ధరించు హైందవదేశ వస్త్రములను ఆభరణములను చూచి అనేకులు ఆశ్చర్యపడి సంతసించిరి. ఆమె చాలా కష్టపడి చదివి వృద్ధికివచ్చి ద్రవ్యరూపకముగా నొకమంచి పారితోషికమును సంపాదించుకొనెను. అయితే దురదృష్టవశాత్తు ఆమె ఆరోగ్యము చెడిపోయెను.

1884వ సంవత్సరమున బాల్యవివాహములు మంచివని ఒక ఉపన్యాసము నిచ్చెను. అది వినినవారిలో ననేకులు ఆశాభంగమునొందిరి. బాల్య వివాహాచారమును ఆమె సంపూర్తిగా నంగీకరించినది కాదుగాని విదేశమందుండగా మాతృదేశ భక్తివలన స్వదేశాచారములను ఖండించుట కిష్టపడకపోయెను. మరియు ఆచారములలో ఇబ్బందు లుండినను వాటినన్నిటిని తప్పించుకొని తాను ముందుకు రాకలిగినదాయెను. మరుసంవత్సరమునకు ఆమెభర్త అమెరికాకువచ్చి ఆమెవద్ద నుండకలిగెను. 1886 వ సంవత్సరమున ఆమె పరీక్షలలో కృతార్థురాలై ఎమ్. డీ. అను బిరుదుపొందెను. ఆమె స్నేహితు లనేకులు ఈ హిందుస్త్రీ చూపిన సాహసమునకు సంతసించి ఆమెకు ముందుకు తన స్వదేశమందు కలుగబోవు అవకాశములనుగురించి కొనియాడిరి.

అయితే మనుష్యుడొకటితలచిన ఈశ్వరుడు మరియొకటి తలచునన్నట్లుగా ఆమె ఆరోగ్యము చెడిపోయి క్షయవ్యాధి ప్రవేశించినట్టు అనుమానము కలిగెను. అందువలన గొప్ప ప్రసిద్ధిచెందిన ఆస్పత్రులయందు అనుభవము సంపాదించుకొనుటకు వీలుపడకపోయెను. కొలపురమునందుండు ఆస్పత్రిలో నొకపని ఆమెకు దొరుకుటవలన స్త్రీల విషయమై పనిచేయుటకుగాను ఆమె స్వదేశమునకు తిరిగివచ్చెను. అయితే ఆమె పనిలో చేరలేకపోయెను. బొంబాయి చేరునంతలో ఆమెవ్యాధి యధికమాయెను. ఇదివరలో ఆమె ముసుకువేసుకొనక బహిరంగమందు కనబడుటవలన అనేకులామెను అపహసించిరిగాని యిప్పుడైతేనో ఆమె మనోధైర్యమును సామర్థ్యతనుచూచి అనేకులు కూడివచ్చి బొంబాయియందు ఆమెకు స్వాగతమిచ్చిరి. సముద్రప్రయాణము చేసినందుకుగాను ఆమెను నిందించరైరి. ఆమెభర్త మాత్రము ఆమెకు కొంత ఆయుస్సు కలుగ గలందులకు ప్రాయశ్చిత్తముచేసి మతగురువులను సంతృప్తిపరచ యత్నించెను. అయినను వీటివలన ఏమి ప్రయోజనము లేకపోయెను. 1887 వ సంవత్సర ప్రారంభమున ఆనందబాయి స్వర్గ గతురాలాయెను. బంధుమిత్రాదులందరు దుఃఖాక్రాంతులైరి. ఆమె హిందుస్త్రీవలె బ్రతికి అటువలెనే చనిపోయెను. మరణానంతరము ఆమె భస్మము గంగానదిలో కలిపివేయుటకు బదులు భూస్థాపనకై అమెరికా దేశమునకు పంపబడెను. ఆమె చనిపోయేటప్పటికి ఇరువదిరెండు సంవత్సరముల ప్రాయము కలదిగా నుండినను, ఆమె చెప్పినట్టె శక్తివంచనలేక తన విది చేసినదాయెను. తనబోటి స్త్రీల యిబ్బందులను తొలగించుటకుగాను గట్టిప్రయత్నముచేసెను. ఆమె జీవనము ఆమె మరణము ఇతరులకు హెచ్చరికగాను ఆదరణముగా నుండునని చెప్ప నవసరములేదు.

స్త్రీ ధర్మ సమస్యలు

స్త్రీలు రాజ్యాంగ వుద్యోగములలో ప్రవేశించుట.

ఈ విషయమయి జనులలో భిన్నాభిప్రాయములు గలవు. అన్ని యాలోచించిచూడగా స్త్రీలకున్న ప్రధానమయిన పని సంసారమును చక్కగా నడిపించి తన కుటుంబములోని ప్రతివారికి చేతనయినంత సౌఖ్యము కలుగజేయుట, ఇంతకన్న ఎక్కువయినపనిలేదు. అందుకే ఇల్లాలు, గృహిణియను బిరుదులు సంసారియైన స్త్రీకి కలిగినవి. సంసారియయిన యిల్లాలికి తనభర్తను పిల్లలను సంరక్షించుటకంటె ఉచితమైన పని యేదియులేదు. ఇతర పనులమీద ఇల్లువిడిచి వెళ్లవలసినవారు తమ పిల్లలను పసితనమునందే యితరుల ఆధీనముచేసి వెళ్లుదురు. అందుచేత పిల్లలెన్నో విధముల నష్టము పొందుదురు; అబద్ధములాడుట, దొంగిలుట, బూతుమాటలాడుట, మొదలయిన దురభ్యాసములు నేర్చుకొందురు. వారు తల్లులయొద్ద నేర్చుకొనవలసిన సదభ్యాసములు నేర్చుకొన వీలుండదు; తల్లితో సహవాస సాంగత్యములు చేయుటవల్ల కలుగగల సంతోషము మంచిలక్షణములు పిల్లలకు లభింపవు. అందుచేత ద్రవ్యార్జన కధియే యుద్యోగములోనయిన ప్రవేశించుట సంసారియైన యిల్లాలికి యుక్తముకాదని సామాన్యముగా చెప్పవచ్చును. కొందరు భర్తలు సోమరితనముచేతనో తెలివిహీనతచేతనో పనిచేసి కుటుంబ సంరక్షణచేయక భార్య సంపాదనవల్ల జీవనము చేయువారుందురు. అట్టివారిని పురుషులన తగదు. అయితే వివాహముకాకగాని భర్తపోయిగాని భర్త జాడ్యముచేత పని చేయజాలక పోయినగాని వేరే జీవనాధారములేక తన రెక్కలమీదనే తాను పిల్లలు జీవించవలసి వచ్చినప్పుడు తగిన యుద్యోగముచేయక తప్పదు. అట్టివారు చేయదగిన యోగ్యమయిన పని యొకటి పాఠశాలలో ఉపాధ్యాయురాలి పని; పిల్లల స్వభావము బాగుగా గ్రహించి యోర్పుతో వారికి చదువునేర్పుటకు స్త్రీలే సమర్థులు. కాబట్టి ప్రతి బాలికకు వీలయినంతవరకు హైస్కూల్ విద్య నేర్పించి ఉపాధ్యాయురాలుగా నుండుటకు కావలసిన తర్బీతుచేయుట బహు అవసరము అప్పుడు అవసరము వచ్చినయెడల స్వతంత్ర జీవనముచేయ సామర్థ్యము కలిగియుందురు. ఇది యీకాలములో కొంతవరకు జరుగుచున్నదిగాని యింకా యెంతో అవకాశము కలదు.

మరియొకటి వైద్యము.

మన దేశములో స్త్రీలు తగు చికిత్సలేక యెంతోమంది ప్రసవములోను బాలింత రోగముతోను చిన్నతనమునందే చనిపోవుచున్నారు; లక్షలాది పసిబిడ్డలు తల్లుల అజ్ఞానమునుబట్టి చచ్చిపోవుచున్నారు. తగినంతమంది క్రమముగా వైద్య విద్య నేర్పిన స్త్రీలు ప్రతి పట్టణములోను గ్రామములోను ఉండి పారమార్థిక చింతతో తమ పని చేయుచున్నయెడల ఎంతో ఉపకారులగుదురు; "పరోపకారార్థ మిదం శరీరం" అన్న లోకోక్తికి నిదర్శనముగా నుందురు; దీనితో సంబంధించినది—రోగులకు ఉపచారము చేయుపని. మనవారిలో కాయిలాగా నున్నవారి నేలాగు చూడవలెనో, పథ్యపానము లేలాగు జరుపవలెనో, వైద్యుడు నియమించు ఔషధము లేయేవేళలను, ఎట్లు ఇయ్యవలెనో యీ మొదలయిన సంగతులు కనిపెట్టువారు అరుదు. ఈ నేర్పు కలుగవలెనంటే కొంత యభ్యాస మవసరము. దానికిగాను "నర్సు"ల తరగతు లేర్పరచి ఆస్పత్రులలో తగిన తర్బీతు చేయించుచున్నారు. అది మర్యాదగల వృత్తికాదన్న దురభిప్రాయము విడిచి మర్యాదగల స్త్రీలు ఎక్కువమంది యీ నేర్పు సంపాదించుకుంటే యెంతో ఉపకారము చేయగలరు; అవసరము వచ్చినట్టయిన జీవనము చేయను వచ్చును; యూరోపుఖండవాసులలో రాచకుటుంబములలోచేరిన స్త్రీలు, గొప్పయింటివారు. ఈ పని ఘనమయినదిగా నెంచ నేర్పుపొందినవారు గలరు.—ఇట్టివారు లేనందున కాయిలాగా నున్నవారిని పరామర్శచేయ నుద్దేశముతో అయ్యలు, అమ్మలక్కలు రోగియుండుగదిలో మూగి కేకలువేయుచు రోగికి బాధ కలుగజేయుదురు. చాలినంత నిర్మలమయిన గాలి, యెండ రాకుండ గదె తలుపులు మూసియుంచు దురభ్యాసము అట్టి యుపచారికలుండినగాని నిలిచిపోనేరదు.

తల్లుల బాధ్యత.

మన దేశములో తల్లులయినవారు తమ బిడ్డల ప్రవర్తననుగూర్చి చేయవలసినంత జాగ్రత చేయరనుటకు సందేహములేదు; పిల్లల కన్నముపెట్టి బట్టకట్టి ఆడుకొమ్మని బయిటికి పంపితేనో, యింటిలో వాండ్ల తొందరపడలేక బడికిపంపితేనో తమ విధి తీరినదనుకొందురు. కాని అంతటితో అది తీరదు. వారు ముందుకు దేశప్రజలు నాయకులు కావలసినవారు గనుక వారిలో యోగ్యత, పవిత్రత, సత్యమే పలుకుట, పిరికితనములేక ధైర్యవంతులుగా నుండుట, దీనులయెడలను పేదలయెడలను దయాదాక్షిణ్యములు చూపుట, యితరులకు సహాయముచేయ సిద్ధముగా నుండుట, వీటికన్నిటికి ముఖ్యాధారముగా దైవభక్తి సాధకముచేయుట యీ మొదలయినవి తమ పిల్లల కలవాటుపడునట్లు చూచుపని తలిదండ్రులది కాకపోతే మరియెవరిది? పిల్లల కివి అబ్బవలయునంటే తల్లిదండ్రులయినవారు తమ స్వంతప్రవర్తన యెట్టిదిగానున్నదో యెంతో జాగ్రత్తతో చూచుకొనవలసియున్నది. తల్లిదండ్రులు నడిచినదారినే పిల్లలును నడుతురన్నమాట సామాన్యముగా నిజమైయున్నది. మన మనుకొననిరీతిగా పెద్దల చర్యలను పిల్ల లనుసరింతురు; పిల్లలు చేయరాదని మన మనుకొనుపనులు వారియెదుట చేయరాదు; పిల్లలను భయపెట్టుటకని లేనిపోని అబద్ధములుచెప్పితే వారు నిర్భయముగా అబద్ధములాడ నేర్చుకొందురు. ఇతరులనుగురించి ఆడిపోసుకొంటేను, పిల్లలు వినరాని ప్రసంగములు చేసితేను వారికి సులభముగా అవే పట్టుపడును. దైనప్రార్థన పరమార్థచింత చేయువారి పిల్లలు తమ తల్లులవంటివారవుదురు.

శారదా శాసనము.

తమ పిల్లలను సన్మార్గమందు పెంచవలెనంటేను, పిల్లలు ఆరోగ్యము బలముగలవారుగా నుండవలెనంటేను తల్లిదండ్రులు ఆరోగ్యము శరీరదారుఢ్యము తగిన జ్ఞానముగలవారై యుండుట అత్యవసరము; అది గ్రహించియే బాల్యవివాహములు మానవలెనన్న యభిప్రాయము మన దేశమంతటను వ్యాపించియున్నది. అందుచేతనే శాసనసభలలో ఈ విషయమయి చాలాకాలము చర్చ జరిగినమీదట బాల్యవివాహములను నిరోధించుటకై శారదా శాసనమన్న చట్టము అమలులోకి వచ్చుచున్నది. దానిబట్టి పురుషునికి 16 సంవత్సరములును, స్త్రీకి 14 సంవత్సరములును రాకముందు వివాహము చేయతగదని, అట్లుచేసినయెడల వధూవరుల సంరక్షకులును వివాహకర్మ జరిగించిన పురోహితులును శిక్షార్హులగుదురనియేర్పడినది. ఇట్టి శాసనమున్నను అనేకమంది పూర్వమువలెనే బాల్యవివాహములు చేయుచున్నారు. ఎవరయిన సాహసించి అధికారులకు ఫిర్యాదు చేసినయెడల ఆరంభమున స్వల్పశిక్షతో సరిపెట్టుచువచ్చిరి. ఇప్పుడిప్పుడు శిక్షలు ఎక్కువగుచున్నవి. ఈ మధ్య కృష్ణా జిల్లా మేజిస్ట్రేటుగారు ఈ చట్టము మీరినవారికి చురుకంటునట్లు పెద్దమొత్తములు జురిమానా విధించిరని విన్నాము. అయితే విచారకరమయిన విషయమేమనిన—విద్యావంతులు, వ్యవహారము తెలిసినవారు దేశనాయకులమని సంఘసంస్కర్తలమని చెప్పుకొనువారు ఈడు ముదిరితే తగిన మనువులు రావన్న భయముతో బాల్యవివాహములు చేయుచున్నారు. ఇట్టి ధైర్యశాలురు దేశస్వాతంత్రమున కెంత అహర్నిశలో ఆలోచించవలసియుండును.

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Should Married Women Earn ?

விவாகம் செய்த ஸ்திரீகள் சம்பாத்தியம் செய்வது தகுதியா ?

சுகபோகமாய் வாழவும், சம்பாத்தியஞ் செய்யாமல் குடித்தனம் செய்யவும், ஸ்திரீகள் இல்லற வாழ்க்கையைக் கோரின காலங்கள் உண்டு. அது சோம்பலை விளைவிக்கும் ஜீவியமென்று, ஒருவரும் சொல்லல் ஆகாது. சம்பாத்தியஞ் செய்யும் கஷ்டத்தைக் காட்டிலும், அநேகருடைய ஜீவியத்தில், அது அதிக வருத்தமாகத் தோன்றிற்று. ஒரு வீட்டுக் குடித்தனத்தை நடத்துவதும் கவலையீனமும், திறமையற்ற வேலைக்காரரையும், மோசக்கார வியாபாரிகளையும், அன்பார்ந்த கண்டிப்புடன் நடத்துவதும், வீட்டுக் குடித்தனத்தை ஒழுங்காய் நடத்தி, சந்தோஷத்தை விளைவிப்பதும், தொந்தரவு கொடுக்கும் பிள்ளைகளையும், முரட்டுத்தனமான புருஷர்களையும், சமாளிக்கிறதும், சுலபமான காரியமல்லவென்று, புருஷர்களில் சிலருக்கும், ஸ்திரீகளில் அநேகருக்குந் தெரியும். பழைய காலத்தில், இவைகள் துர்லபமான காரியங்களாயிருந்தன. அநேக சௌகரியங்களை இக்காலத்தில் தேடுகிறதினாலும், சாப்பாட்டு விடுதிகள் (ஓட்டல்கள்) வீட்டு சுகங்களை பார்க்கிலும் அதிக சந்தோஷங்களை காட்டுகிறதினாலும், குடும்பங்களிலுள்ளவர் வீட்டைவிட்டு ஓட்டல்களுக்கு தவறிப்போகாவண்ணம், வீட்டுக் குடித்தனத்தை நடத்துவது அதிக கடினமாயிருக்கிறது.

வேலை செய்யாதிருக்கும் பெண்கள் விரும்பியிருந்த பண்டை காலங்களில், அவர்கள் வேலை செய்யாது, சும்மாயிருப்பதையே, இங்கு குறிப்பிட அவசியமில்லாதிருக்கும், சில சுயநல காரணங்களைக் கொண்டு, புருஷர்கள், அவர்கள் வேலை செய்யாது, சும்மாயிருப்பதே, நலமென்று நினைத்தார்கள். தங்கள் வீட்டுப் பெண்கள் வேலைசெய்வது, பெரிய அவமானமென்று நினைத்தார்கள். இப்போதோ இதெல்லாம் முற்றிலும், வித்தியாசமாய் மாறிவிட்டது. கன்னிகைகள் மாத்திரமல்ல, விவாகம்செய்த ஸ்திரீகளும் வேலைகளைத் தேடுகிறார்கள். அநேக தடவைகளில், புருஷர்களே தங்கள் பெண்ஜாதிமாரை வேலைகளைத்தேட உற்சாகப் படுத்துகிறார்கள். அப்படி உற்சாகப்படுத்தும்போது அது சுயநலத்தோடுள்ள எண்ணம் என்று சொல்லவேண்டும். சமயங்கிடைத்தால் ஸ்திரீகளுடைய சம்பளத்தைக் கொண்டு புருஷன்மார் ஜீவிக்க விரும்புகிறார்கள் என்று (Bernard Shaw) என்பவர் சொல்லுகிறார். புருஷர்கள் ஸ்திரீகளை அவ்விதமான சங்கடத்துக்குள்ளாக்காதபடி பெண்கள் ஜாக்கிரதையாயிருக்கவேண்டும்.

தற்காலத்தில் ஸ்திரீகளை வருத்தும் இந்த விஷபத்தை அவர்கள் தங்கள் ஞாபகத்தில் வைத்துக்கொள்ளவேண்டும். விவாகஞ் செய்தவர்கள் நல்ல ஸ்திதியிலிருந்தால் வேலைசெய்து சம்பாதிக்க முயற்சிக்கலாகாது. தங்கள் புருஷர் நல்ல நிலைமையிலிருந்தால் ஸ்திரீகள் தாங்கள் அபேட்சித்திருந்த இல்லற வாழ்க்கையில் திருப்தியாயிருந்து சுகவாழ்க்கை செய்வார்களாக. வீட்டுக் கஷ்டத்தினிமித்தமே சில ஸ்திரீகள் வேலைக்கு செல்கிறார்கள். தங்கள் பிள்ளைகள் சிறுவர்களாயிருந்த காலத்தில் "சுய இச்சையாக வேலைக்கு சென்ற ஸ்திரீகள் வெகு சொற்ப பேர். அப்பேர்க் கொத்தவர்களுக்கு அவ்வேலை சந்துஷ்டியைக் கொடுத்தது. அவர்களுக்கு பணக் கஷ்டமில்லை. அவர்களுடைய இனத்தார் உதவி புரிந்தார்கள். அவர்களை அதிஷ்ட

சாலிகளென்றே சொல்லவேண்டும். தன்னுடைய புருஷனுடைய மரணத்தினுலாவது, அவ னுல் கைவிடப்பட்டதினுலாவது சம்பாத்தியம் செய்யும்படியான தூர்லபம் நேரிட்டபோதா வது அவளுடைய பிள்ளைகள் சிறுவராயிருக்கும்போது தன்னுடைய கஷ்ட நிலைமையை கசப் போடு பேசாத ஸ்திரீயை நான் கண்டதில்லை. தன் வேலைக் கஷ்டத்தினுலும் தன் குடித்தன கஷ்டத்தினுலும் தன் பிள்ளைகளை கவனிக்க நேரிட்ட தன் இனத்தாரின் முறுமுறுப்பினுலும் அவளுடைய உடம்புக்கு மோசமான இளைப்பும் வியாகுலமும் நேரிடுகிறதென்று" Rebecca West அம்மாள் ஒரு பத்திரிகையிலெழுதுகிருர்கள்.

நம்மனதிலிருக்கும் ஸ்திரீ அவ்வகுப்பை சேர்ந்தவளல்ல. மேனுட்டில் ராஜாங்கத் தாரும் நகர அதிகாரிகளும் முதலாளிகளும் விவாகஞ்செய்த ஸ்திரீகளை தொழிலாளிகளாக வைக்கக்கூடாதென்று யோசனை செய்திருக்கிருர்கள். லிவர்ப்பூல் சர்வகலாசாலை விவாகஞ் செய்த ஸ்திரீகள் தங்களுடைய ஸ்தாபனங்களிலிருக்கலாகாதென்று தீர்மானித்தபோது இங்கி லாந்து தேசத்திலுள்ள ஸ்திரீகள் ஒரு பெரிய அமளி பண்ணினுர்கள். பின்னர் உவெஸ்ற் மினிஸ்ற்றர் பட்டணத்திலுள்ள ஒரு பெரிய சபா மண்டபத்தில் கூடிய பெருங் கூட்டத்தில் மிஸிஸ் பேதிக் லாரன்ஸ் அம்மாளும் இன்னம் அநேக பிரசித்தியுற்ற ஸ்திரீகளும் விவாகம் செய்த ஸ்திரீகள் சம்பாத்யம் செய்யலாமென்று விவாதம் செய்து சாதித்தனர். சில குடும்பங்களில் புருஷன் வேலை செய்யக்கூடாத நிலைமையிலிருப்பதனுல் அவனுடைய பெரிய குடும்பத்தை போஷித்து, பிள்ளைகளை கல்வி தேர்ச்சியடைய செய்வது அதிக கஷ்டமாயிருக்கிறது. ஆன படியால் தாய்மார் வேலை செய்யவேண்டியது அவசியமாயும், அவசரமாயும் இருக்கிறது. இதன்றி தற்காலத்தில் நேரிட்டிருக்கும் வியாபாரக் குறைவினுல் வரும்படி குறைந்ததினிமித் தம் தன் பிள்ளைகளுக்கு போதுமான சுகக்ஷேமத்தையும் நல்ல கல்வியையும் கொடுக்கமுடியா திருக்கிறது. "தங்களுடைய வீடுகளில் க்ஷேமக் குறைவிருப்பதாலும் போதுமான கல்வி தங்கள் பிள்ளைகளுக்கு கொடுக்கக்கூடாதிருப்பதாலும் அநேக ஸ்திரீகள் தொழிலாளிகளாக போகும் கஷ்டம் நேரிடுகிறது. தங்களுடைய குடித்தனம் கெட்டுப் போகாமல் வீடு தழைக் கும் வண்ணம் இந்த ஸ்திரீகள், வேலைக்கு போகிருர்களேயன்றி வேறு காரணமல்ல, என்று ஆஸ்ற்றர் பெருமாட்டி சொல்லுகிருர். "தன்னுடைய பிள்ளைகளுக்காக உழைக்கும் அந்த சிறந்த ஊழியத்தை ஒரு ஸ்திரீ ஏன் செய்யக்கூடாது? வேலை செய்து சம்பாதிப்பது ஒரு புருஷனுக்கு எப்படி உரியது? தன் புருஷன் வியாதிப்பட்டு, அல்லது அவன் இறந்து போனுல் அக்காலங்களில் தன் பிள்ளைகளுடைய போஷிப்பு முதலியவைகளுக்காக வேலை தேடு வதற்கு கஷ்டம் நேரிடுகிறபடியால் கலியாணம் செய்யுங்கால் தனக்கு ஜீவனுர்த்தத்தை கொடுத்து உதவின ஆதாரங்களை அவள் ஏன் விட்டுவிட வேண்டும்?" என்று பக்மாஸ்ற்ர் பிரபு சொல்லு கிருர்.

ஆகையால் தனக்கு வேலை செய்ய இஷ்டமானுல், ஒரு ஸ்திரீ விவாகம் செய்த பிற்பாடு அதை அவளுடைய இஷ்டத்துக்கு விட்டுவிட வேண்டும். சில ஸ்திரீகள், வைத்யர்களாகவும், உபாத்தியாயர்களாகவும் இன்னும் பல வேலைகளையும் நன்ருய் செய்ய திறமையுடையவர்களா யிருக்கிருர்கள். இப்பேர்க்கொத்தவர்கள் தங்களுடைய கல்யாணத்தினிமித்தம் அவ்வேலைகளை செய்ய முடியாமலிருப்பது உலகத்துக்கு பெரிய நஷ்டம். இவர்களுக்கு ஏற்படுத்திய வீடு ஏதேன் தோட்டத்தைப்போல் நந்தவனமாயிருந்தாலும், சிறிது நேரத்தில் பாலைவனமாய் மாறிவிடும். விவாகம் செய்த ஸ்திரீகளை தாங்கள் செய்து வந்த தொழில்களிலிருந்து, நீக்கி விடுவது தப்பிதம்.

வேலையில்லாத இக்காலத்தில் ஸ்திரீகள், ஆண்கள் செய்யவேண்டிய வேலைகளை செய் கிருர்கள் என்று சொல்லும் ஆட்சேபனை ஞாயமானதன்று.

விவாகஞ்செய்த பெண்கள், பெண் பாடசாலைகளிலும், கல்லூரிகளிலும், மற்றைய கல்வி புகட்டும் ஸ்தாபனங்களிலும் இருக்கலாகாதென்று ஓர் கமிற்றியார் நிர்ணயித்தபோது, திரு

வாங்கூரிலுள்ள ஸ்திரீகள் அது அனியாயமென்று அநேக இந்திய ஸ்திரீகள் கூடின ஓர் மஹா சபையில் பேசினார்கள்.

விவாகஞ் செய்யாத ஸ்திரீகளைப்போல், விவாகஞ்செய்த ஸ்திரீகள் உத்தியோகம் செய்ய முயற்சிக்க கூடாது. விவாகஞ்செய்த ஸ்திரீகள் வீட்டுத் தொல்லையினின்று நீங்கிக்கொள்ளவும், சுகபோகமாக வாழும்படியாகவும் தேடுவார்களானால் அதை சுயநலம் என்றே சொல்ல வேண்டும். குடித்தனத்தை நடத்தும் தாய் வீட்டிலில்லாதிருப்பது துர்லபமே. தன் குடித்தனத்தை நடத்த விவாகம். செய்த ஸ்திரீ அதிக நேரம் செலவழிக்க வேண்டும் ஆகையால் கஷ்டம் நேரிட்டாலொழிய அந்த ஸ்திரீ உத்தியோகம் செய்யலாகாது. உத்தியோகம் செய்வது மற்றவர்களுக்கு அபிவிர்த்தியும் தேர்ச்சியும் உண்டாக்குமானால், வேலைசெய்வது நலம்.

Translated by **R. Asirvatham**

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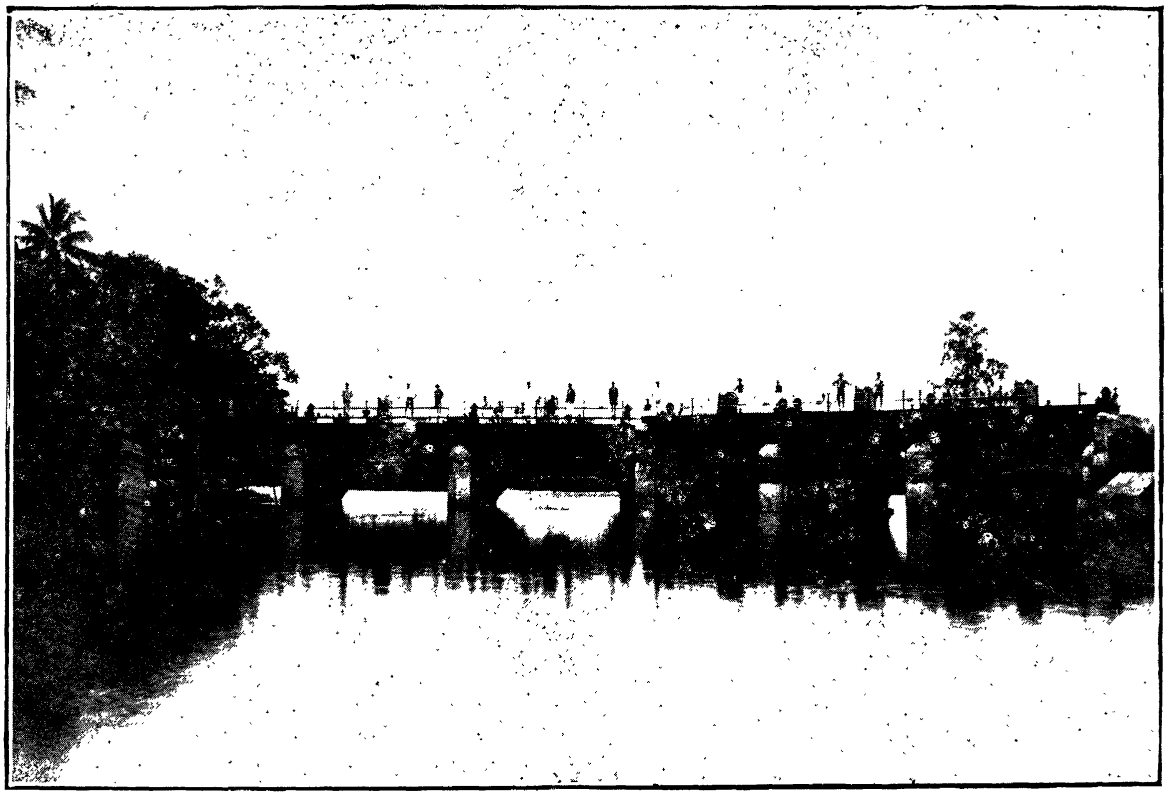

Reflections

"I linger through wooden bars
I pass through half a hundred bridges"
Tennyson.

(Photo by N. Ramabhadran, Tanjore)